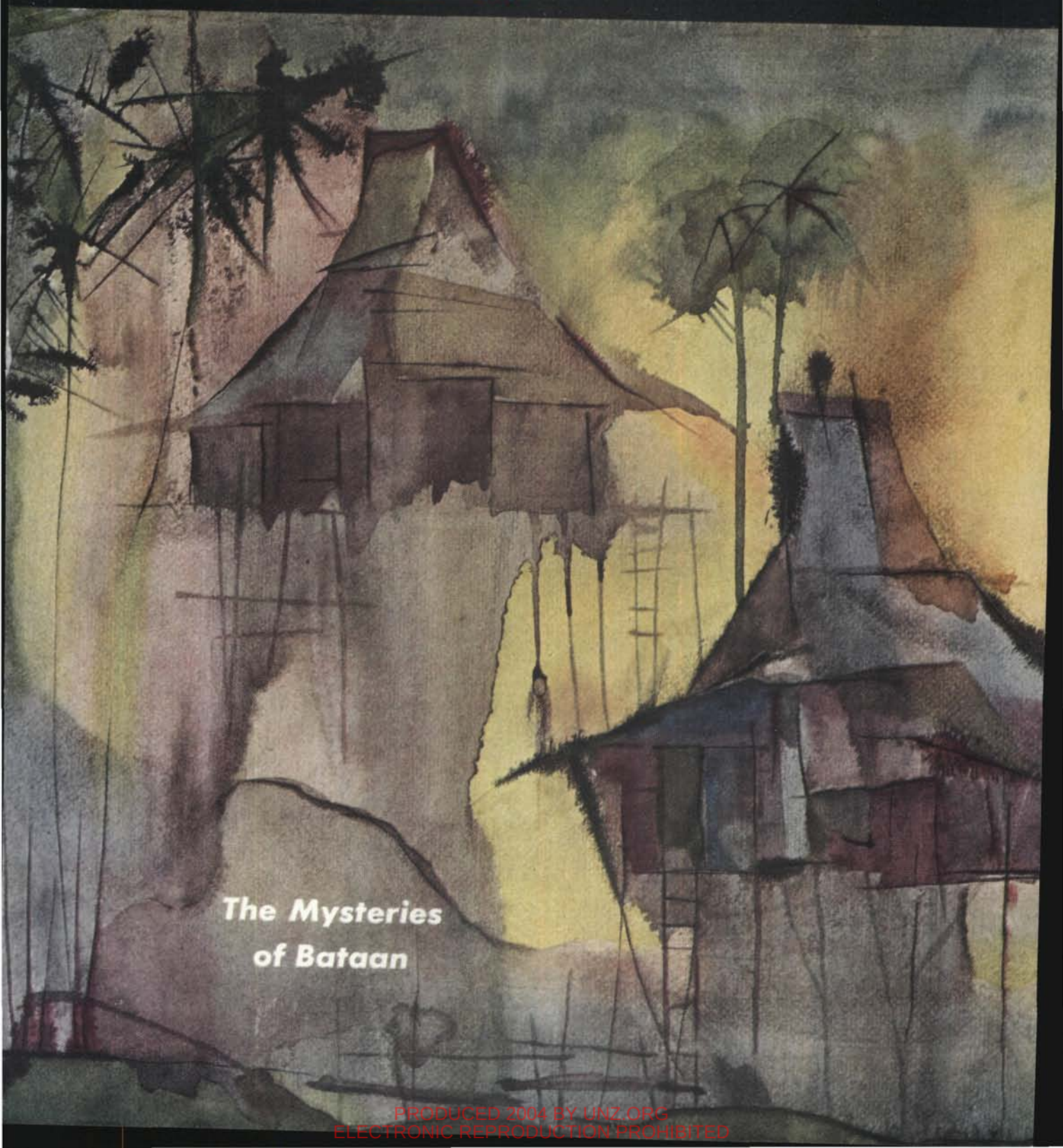
FAREWELL TO AID

The Reporter

February 2, 1954 25c



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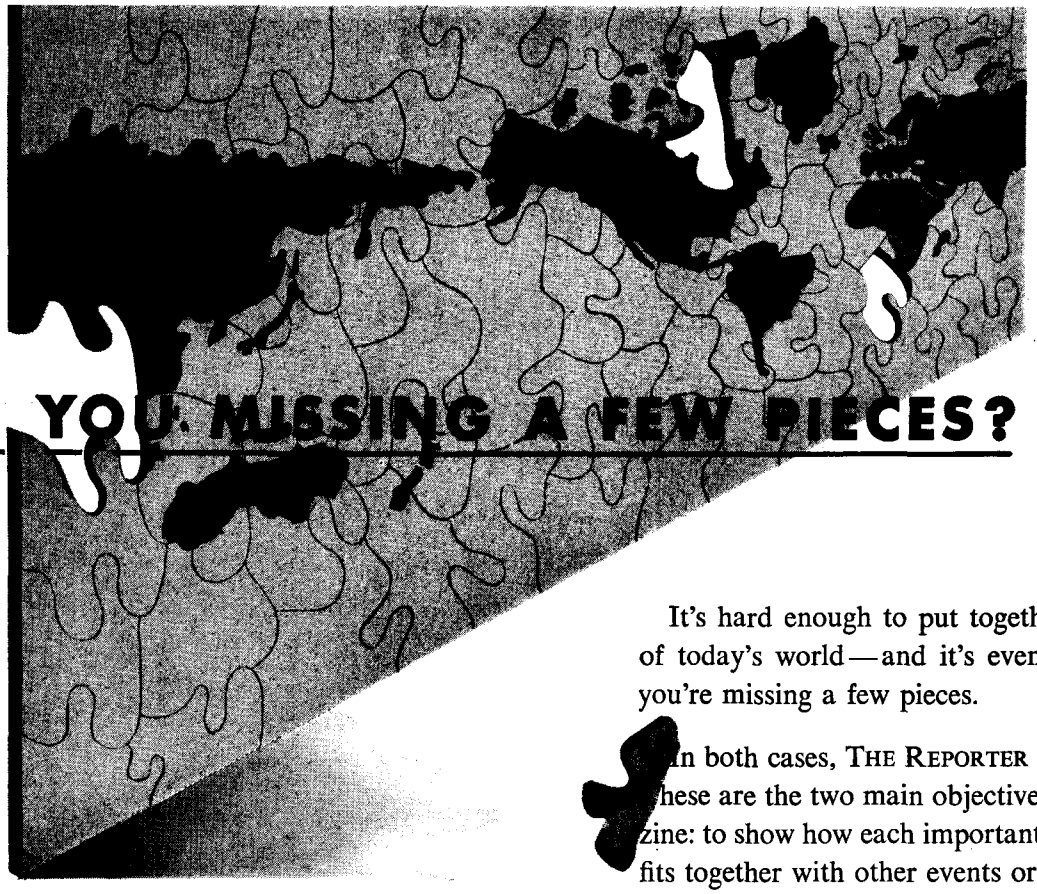

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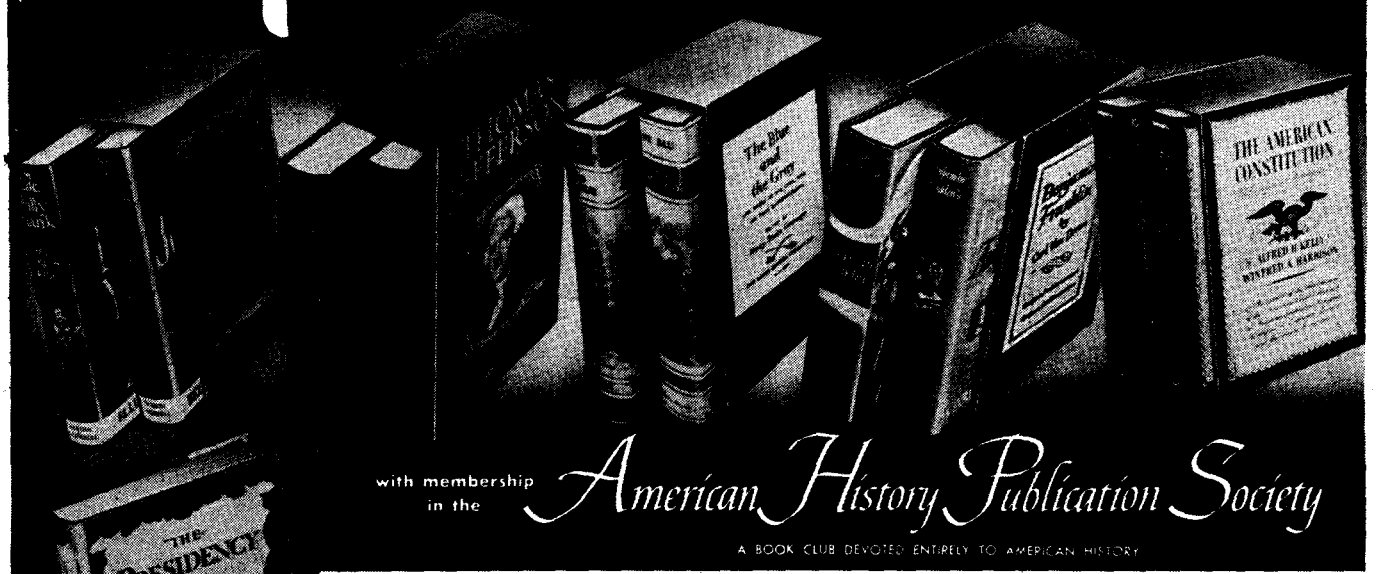

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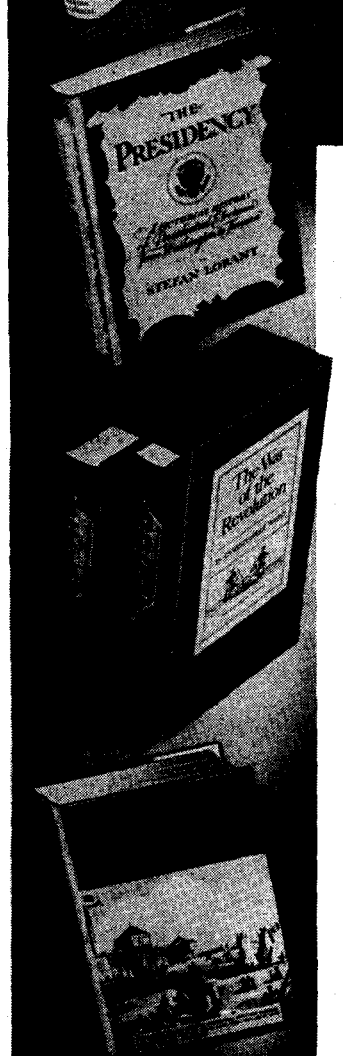

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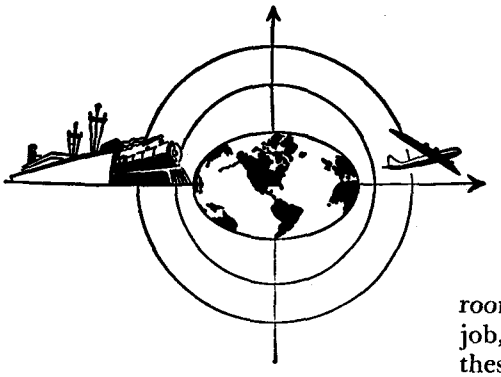

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Don't THINK

We were singularly elated on January 8 when we read in the papers that International Business Machines had devised a fast electronic translator called the I.B.M. Type 701. A combined team of linguists and electronics experts had assigned to 701 the hardest possible task: translating from Russian—a language so hermetic as to suggest somehow that the Russians were predestined to secede from the rest of mankind.

"The machine will not accept incoherent statements," one of the linguists who worked on the project is reported to have said. "If they are introduced for 'translation,' the machine balks and rings a bell." Vishinsky, that bell will toll for thee.

On the same day, January 8, newspapers published the text of the President's State of the Union message and long stories on how much work, by how many people, had gone into the distillation of the message. It was, as we all know, a long piece of oratory: 7,000 words. A few weeks earlier, according to the New York *Times,* it had been about 15,000 words long, but even at that stage the speech was an eighty per cent reduction of the original material.

With I.B.M. 701 in mind, we wonder whether all this work wasn't a wanton waste of energy and presumably of taxpayers' money. Heads of government bureaus slaved at it, and economists and chairmen of Congressional committees and experts of all sorts. Then writers from the Luce publications took a hand at polishing, presumably contributing inspirational varnish. Finally, Robert Montgomery brought in his experience on how to act and look.

We are convinced that there is room for an I.B.M. 701 timesaving job, particularly considering that all these Presidential messages we are showered with these days are rather repetitious and predictable in content. Repetitiousness and predictability are, as far as we can understand, precisely the qualities needed in the assembling and perforation of the cards. Once the cards are punched, electronics can do their scrambling and unscrambling job.

Actually, we are still grievously handicraft-minded. We haven't begun to explore all that electronics can do for us. There is no reason why, in the not too distant future, a speech cannot be produced, pronounced, impersonated, and projected on a TV screen through a further development of 701. This should be particularly easy with speeches advocating a middle-of-the-road policy. For as soon as a statement veered to the Right or to the Left, the bell would ring.

The human mind has brought too many wonders into this world. It can well take a sabbatical.

Intellectuals Not Wanted

How to stay out of trouble: Apprised that the Massachusetts legislature might investigate Communist activities at Westfield State Teachers College, its president, Edward J. Scanlon, was quoted by the Holyoke *Daily Transcript* as stating in part: "I know of no Reds or Communist-minded persons either among the faculty or the students here. . . . The type of students who go here are not of the highly intellectual type among which such tendencies exist. . . ."

The Republican Revolutionists

Has it been accident, or clever public relations, or just the fact that by comparison he has come to be considered a lesser evil? Anyway, there seems to be little doubt now that Senator William E. Jenner of Indiana has turned out to be an Administration favorite, and his committee has been recognized as the chosen instrument for the Congressional anti-subversion hunt.

The Senator has written what amounts to a manifesto in the Washington newsletter *Human Events.* Jenner's title is striking: "The Republican Revolution." "In a few days," the Senator writes, "we shall enter upon the second year of the Administration elected in the popular uprising of 1952." Undoubtedly the gentleman from Indiana has learned the language of subversion. "The outstanding achievement of the Eisenhower Administration," the manifesto says, "has, however, been little noticed. One of the first acts of the new President was to set about replacing the Joint Chiefs of Staff who had permitted the loss of China and the stalemate of Korea with a new Joint Chiefs who have the ability to devise the best military strategy for the age we live in, and the patriotism to insist that that strategy could not be modified by political servitors of the Soviet Government."

Among the replaced members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was General Omar Bradley, who was second only to General Eisenhower among American commanders on the battlefields of Europe. General Eisenhower, of course, was Army Chief of Staff from 1945 to 1948. "For twelve years" (presumably from 1940 through 1952), Senator Jenner goes on, "the United States had a military program subservient to the Acheson State Department." During these twelve years General George Marshall was, in succession, Chief of Staff, Special Envoy to China, Secretary of State, and Secretary of Defense. But Senator Jenner doesn't mention George Marshall this time. He concentrates on Dean Acheson,

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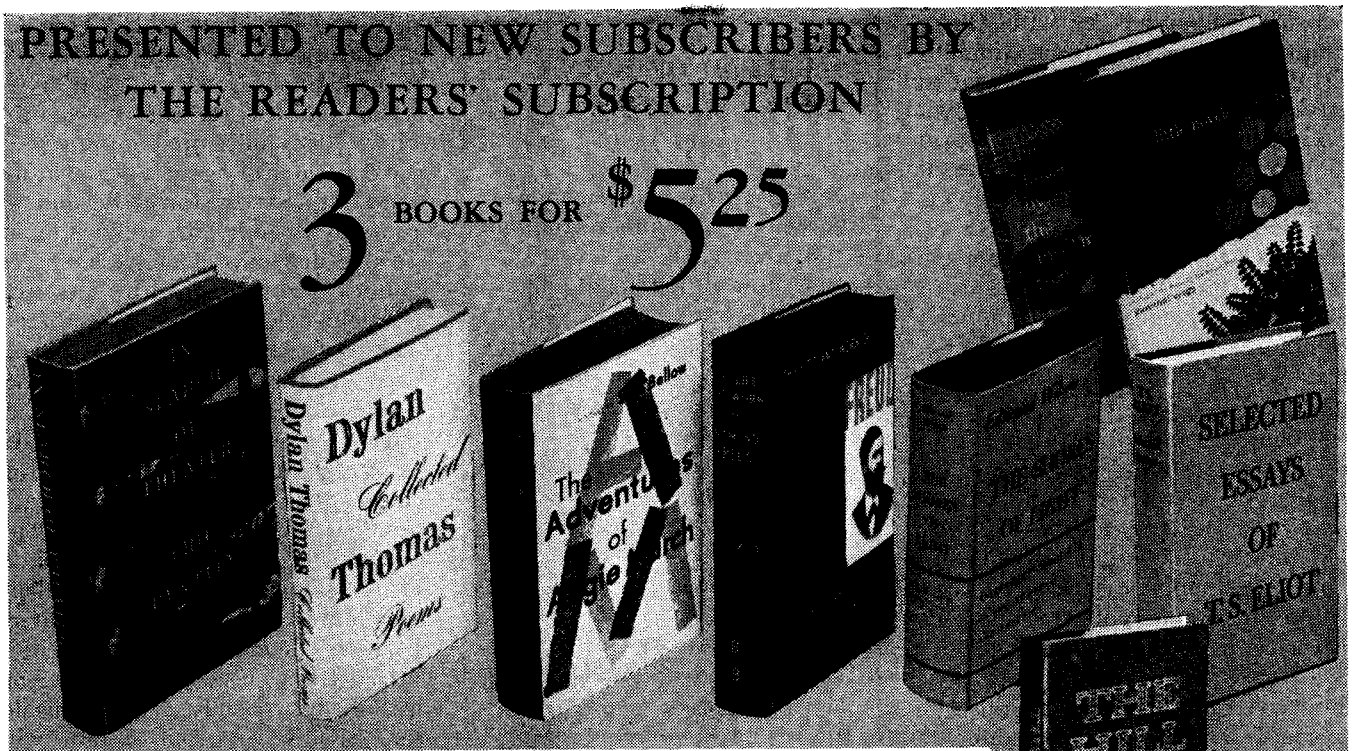

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who, he says, together with Harry Hopkins, "asserted a quite different principle. They asserted the right to establish a secret American foreign policy, which committed us to World Government without the consent of the American people. Then they demanded that the military make no proposals which would interfere with their plan for entangling us in a world super-state, where American interests no longer counted and defeat was almost preferable to victory. . . .

"The great task of the Republican regime—the promise most important to the voters in 1952—is the task of making a new American foreign policy, one wholly untainted by Hopkins, Acheson, Hiss and Harry White, a foreign policy which will never again assume that a stalemate is a substitute for victory," the Senator says later. Quite a number of patriotic Americans have thought otherwise of the Korean "stalemate"—President Eisenhower, for instance, who in his "Report to the Nation" on August 6, 1953, said: "We have made plain from the outset our determination, shared by our allies in the United Nations, to find—to fight for however long to win—an honorable armistice in Korea. . . . We have now gained a truce in Korea. . . . We have shown, in the winning of this truce, that the collective resolve of the free world can and will meet aggression in Asia—or anywhere in the world." On returning from Korea after his 1952 trip there as President-elect, Mr. Eisenhower said: ". . . All of us have long realized that there can be no simple formula for bringing a swift, victorious end to this war."

On the conduct of domestic affairs, Senator Jenner's ideas are also radical: "We must adopt as our first principle the total dismantling of that Colossus on the Potomac, the Welfare State . . ." Obviously, his answer to the welfare state is the dismantled state. He adds later, "The budget and the bureaucracy are power over you and me. They must be demobilized." The President's ideas on the Administration's responsibility toward the welfare of the citizens are at complete variance with those of Senator Jenner. In his January 7 State of the Union message, the President said: "This Administration is profoundly aware of two great needs born of our living in a complex industrial economy. First: The individual citizen must have safeguards against personal disaster inflicted by forces beyond his control. Second: The welfare of the people demands effective and economical performance by the government of certain indispensable social services. . . . There is urgent need for greater effectiveness in our programs, both public and private, offering safeguards against the privations that too often come with unemployment, old age, illness, and accident."

The President may well ponder an old saying: May God defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies. The President is in particular need of God's defense against his friends, if we consider that his divergence of opinion with Senator Jenner is far from being an isolated instance. Another prominent Senator—in fact more prominent than Senator Jenner—namely Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, denounces a new type of appeaser in a recent *Collier's* article. These people, Senator Bridges says, "believe the United States must acknowledge that when two major powers have hydrogen weapons, recourse to war is out, whatever the differences. The fact that one of the two powers is immoral—an imperialistic criminal—does not change the fact, they say, that our inflexibility may cause the vaporization of our cities."

The President is certainly fully aware that Russia is an immoral power. Yet in his U.N. speech on December 8, 1953, he said: "The United States . . . is instantly prepared . . . to seek 'an acceptable solution' to the atomic armaments race which overshadows not only the peace but the very life of the world."

It is only a matter of time, perhaps of days, before many of the President's "friends" will be calling him an appeaser, an apostle of the undismantled, or welfare, state, and many, many worse things. However, we are glad to report that no curtailment of the civil liberties of the Republican revolutionaries was even hinted at in the State of the Union message.

BALLAD OF JOHN L.

(Prompted by his latest gesture to the ILA)

John L. Lewis, man and boy,
Worked in the mines, and not for joy,
Knew how it felt to dig like a mole
And live like a rat for old king coal.
Knew what happened when the earth caved in
And a man was trapped and his waiting kin
Shivered on top till he rose at last
A blackened corpse from a needless blast.
John L. Lewis rose in his rage,
Thundered for life and a living wage,
And strong in eloquence, armed with right,
He won his bitter and hard-fought fight,
Till the men who mined in the U.S.A.
Crawled from the dark to the light of day.

John L. Lewis, drunk with might,
Took to himself a tyrant's right,
Challenged with black and bristling frown
All in his path from President down,
Roared to the world that only he
Had cause and claim and authority,
And the power that used to be Labor's sword
Became the club of an overlord.
His righteous anger has turned to bile,
The man who ruled now lingers to rile,
And the miners' god, in his ailing age
Extends his defiant patronage
To a rival's brood, to swell his fold
For the price of hard-won miners' gold.
John L. Lewis, at the end of his span,
Is a sick old, tired old, mad old man.

—Sec

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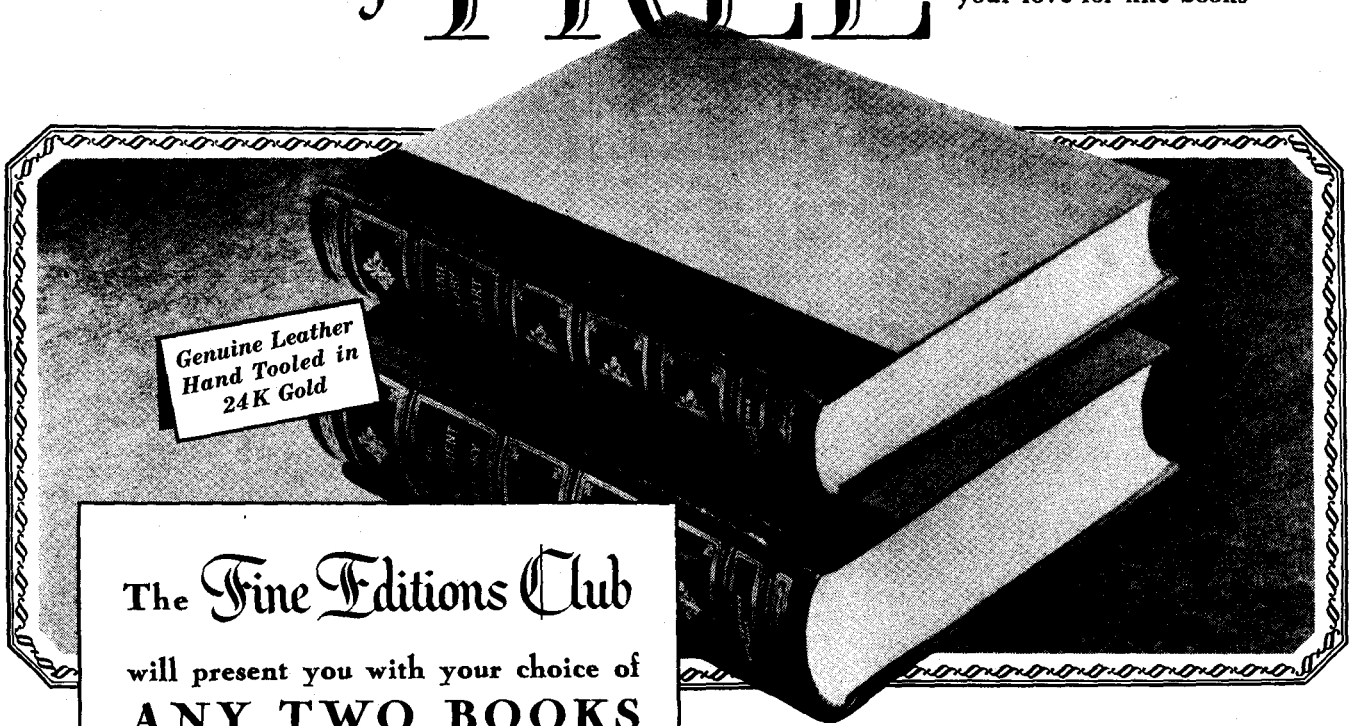

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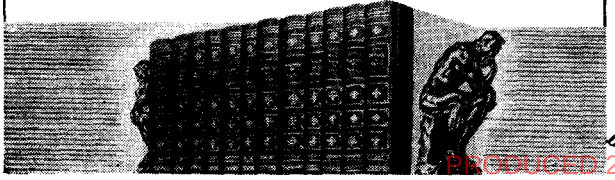

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ANYONE STILL DOUBTFUL?

To the Editor: Douglass Cater's masterful article, "The Great Attack on Fort Monmouth" (*The Reporter,* January 5), should be reprinted for the benefit of those who have not arrived at a decision in the McCarthy matter.

In his apostleship to fear, McCarthy has of course done some good. It would be difficult to scatter volleys of fire into innocent bystanders in his fashion without finding a target now and then. But the article inescapably pinpoints the deft use of foundationless assumptions in a build-up for McCarthy. A gullible public does the rest.

CHARLES R. FLANDREAU
Hartford

TWO VIEWS OF AUSTRIA

To the Editor: I was very grateful that *The Reporter* devoted such a long article to Austria ("Austria Learns How to Be a Buffer State" by William Harlan Hale, December 22) because her very special problems are only too often confused here in America with those of divided Germany. I must, however, take a few exceptions of principle: Mr. Hale does not seem to have given any consideration at all to Austria's past before the First World War, with her very valuable and cultural task, I would even call it mission, which the large Austrian Empire fulfilled for centuries in the Danubian basin, thereby winning over these countries for our western way of life.

Furthermore, Mr. Hale's character qualification of the Austrian nation as one "without . . . urge and genius" contradicts his own statement that "In last February's national elections, all the Soviets' blandishments and mass propaganda could not lift the Communist vote [in Austria] above its postwar peak of one-twentieth of the total," since, no doubt, one cannot resist Communism without "urge," intelligence, fighting spirit, and idealism for the values of Christian civilization.

DR. EUGEN BURESCH
Director of Information
Austrian Consulate
New York

To the Editor: As an Austrian who has been away from his country for little more than two years and who is very interested in what people abroad think about Austria, I want to say that Mr. Hale's article is the most intelligent, discriminating, and balanced account of Austrian affairs I have come across in a long time. I thoroughly enjoyed his witty and ironic approach which lacks that undertone of ill will pervading at times the reports from Vienna in a very distinguished American daily newspaper. It would indeed be unbearable to treat this subject matter without a few drops of irony, as many Austrians have discovered a long time ago.

Mr. Hale's point on the impotence of the Austrian Parliament and the power of the Chambers of Commerce, Agriculture, and Labor is very well taken. He might perhaps have added that the system of proportional representation has created a gulf between the population and Members of Parliament which adds to the power of extra-constitutional bodies. The discrepancy between appearances and reality in Austria finds its expression also in the peculiar kind of hypocrisy which pervades the Austrian press with very few exceptions. There is an amount of discreetness and reluctance to tell what is really going on which I find incompatible with the duties of a free press. This lack of frankness and constructive criticism makes the Austrian press about the most boring and insignificant one west of the Iron Curtain. It is rather disgraceful that one has to consult the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* if one wants to find out things about Austria.

I am glad that Mr. Hale calls Austria a nation. I believe indeed that Austria is more than an artificial creation of circumstances, in spite of what certain hostile critics in the western world may have to say about this. Unfortunately, it is also true that there is a lack of urge and genius, at least in public affairs, and the Austrian virtue of self-irony is too often matched by the vice of complacency.

May I add—and this is my only point of disagreement with Mr. Hale—that I am not sure whether his comparison of Austrian streetcars with New York busses is a legitimate measure of efficiency. To see how many green traffic lights are missed by New York busses because of the antediluvian custom of charging the driver with collecting the fare is quite irritating to a European, who is used to the faster procedure in Rome, Paris, London—and even in Vienna.

GERALD STOURZH
Chicago

WRONG STATE, RIGHT MAN

To the Editor: Did I not know, from previous efforts to get a reaction, that you are completely immune to what decent people think and say about you, I would chide you a bit for an indignity pressed upon the American Council of Christian Laymen and its president in your issue of November 24.

With the usual unquenchable thirst for accuracy displayed by the persons whose writings you publish, Helen Hill Miller, whoever she may be, writing her smear article, "Investigating the Foundations," writes that the American Council of Christian Laymen is located "in Reece's own state of Tennessee."

Please understand, I do not object in the least to the castigation of the Council and me but I am sorely irked at being removed to Tennessee.

The Reporter (presumably meaning you) declares "editorially" that in writing her article, or rather in preparing for the writing, the Miller woman "talked with instigators, investigators, and targets." Will somebody please inform us how she could have talked to us when she does not even know in what state we are located, which, incidentally, is that proud Commonwealth which has repented previous errors of judgment and sent Joseph McCarthy to the U.S. Senate.

Scornfully yours,

VERNE P. KAUB
President
American Council of
Christian Laymen
Madison, Wisconsin

To the Editor: It pains me to see Tennessee credited with harboring the American Council for Christian Laymen. I believe the honor belongs to Wisconsin, so burdened already.

I have a Council pamphlet that helps explain why they dabble in questions of TVA versus private power. It was handed to me this summer by an itinerant Bible salesman who plans to be a fundamentalist minister. The title of this piece of literature is "How *Red* Is the National Council of Churches?" Being an Episcopalian myself, I suppose I must be a link in this conspiracy, since practically all major and many minor Protestant denominations are members of The National Council of Churches.

DOROTHY T. MOORE
Alexandria, Virginia

[*Mrs. Miller's original text referred to "a tax exempt organization with interests in Mr. Reece's own state of Tennessee, the American Council of Christian Laymen." Somewhere along the line, the words "with interests" were dropped out, and neither author nor editors noticed it.*]

LP AND HOMER

To the Editor: James Hinton, Jr.'s, article, "The Spoken Word on Records" (*The Reporter,* January 5), fails to mention some of the new and great advantages now found in the best of these records. Take, for instance, Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body.* It won wide acclaim when published in 1928, and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best volume of verse. Since then it has virtually dropped from sight, as books, good and bad, do within a few years of their initial vogue. But now comes an LP record of *John Brown's Body* spoken by Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, and Raymond Massey which brings out the beauty and the drama of the poem with an effectiveness that enormously enriches the listener's appreciation.

We should bear in mind that dramatic poems antedated the written word, and that when spoken or chanted to audiences, they exercised a far more potent influence than is achieved where they are known only through the printed page. LP, using all the resources of trained and beautiful voices, speaking, chanting, and singing, can bring to vast, diffused audiences much of that authentic thrill once felt by the Greeks who heard the chanting of Homer.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE PRESIDENT'S 1954 State of the Union speech was to a large extent dedicated to domestic affairs, yet the President himself said that "More closely than ever before, American freedom is interlocked with the freedom of other people." This means that foreign affairs still condition domestic ones. **Max Ascoli's** editorial considers the broad spiritual and moral foundations on which are based not only the State of the Union message but our national policy and destiny.

The main problem of our policy remains that of the atom and how to use it. **Harlan Cleveland** suggests what may be the promises of atom-powered international assistance that would replace unilateral and ever-recurrent American aid. **Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.,** shows not only the promise but the danger of a strategy based almost entirely on the retaliatory power of the atom bomb—a policy toward which our nation is moving, recently defined as the "new look" in defense. Mr. Katzenbach teaches an unusual course at Columbia: the history of military policy. He served with the Joint Chiefs of Staff for a year after the outbreak of war in Korea and is a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve. Mr. Katzenbach has written fairly extensively in scholarly journals, such as *World Politics,* on politico-military problems, and *The Reporter* is very happy to introduce him to a broader national audience. He is currently at work writing a book on the relationships between Capitol Hill and the Pentagon.

THE CONTROVERSY started the day Beria fell from power. What did the event mean in Russia; what did it portend for the rest of the world? Was Beria's the first of a new series of purge trials like those that prevailed in the late 1930's? Did Beria's execution indicate a major shift in the relationship of forces between the Communist Party, the Red Army, and the secret police? To these questions **Isaac Deutscher,** brilliant biographer of Stalin, brings clear, well-reasoned answers.

Shortly after Beria was dismissed, some free-wheeling private American intellegence operators claimed that they had him tucked away somewhere and that he was ready to talk. We asked **Spencer Klaw,** a free-lance writer, to look into the situation. His report shows how much room still exists for private enterprise. It tells how a Maryland gentleman challenges the government's monopoly on intelligence, and how many people—some highly placed—are willing to pay good money for the results.

EVEN AFTER a Chief Executive has left the White House, he is likely —particularly in our times—to be the object of partisan attack long before historians have had time to study his record. One can well understand why an ex-President needs to have all his papers available. Yet the question of their stewardship in the national interest is a serious one. **David Demarest Lloyd,** an attorney, was an assistant to President Truman in the White House and is now working with Mr. Truman on his library project.

IN THE already extensive collection of official war histories, the volume on the fall of the Philippines, reviewed in this issue by **Arthur Schles'nger, Jr.,** is of particular significance. It deals with one of the most mysterious and tragic episodes of the last war—indeed with the most crushing defeat ever suffered by an American army. Mr. Schlesinger, Professor of American History at Harvard, has closely followed General MacArthur's career. Among his books is *The General and the President,* of which he is co-author with Richard Rovere.

There seems to be a particularly ridiculous theory circulating among eggheads that TV is an inferior sort of art on the sole ground that it is extremely popular. **Marya Mannes** vigorously attacks this misconception and shows the creative potentialities that TV offers to genuinely creative people.

WE DO not think that being an artist is any excuse for treason or plain stupid thinking, but we feel it a moral duty to remind Americans of the services rendered to literature by Ezra Pound. **Dan Pinck,** who visited Mr. Pound in his Washington hospital, is in the automotive business in Bedford, Massachusetts. He finds that activity far more conducive to writing than his previous career in editing and publishing. During the war Mr. Pinck served with the O.S.S. in China.

The amusing sidelight on Ceylon's Anglomania is written by one of India's younger poets. **Tambimuttu** founded and edited the British magazine *Poetry London* and has issued four volumes of his own poetry. He is now living in New York.

Our readers should not be surprised to find a short story in this issue, since our magazine is not only political; it is interested in any meaningful human situation that a writer succeeds in communicating. Reporting, analysis, satirical verse, straight poetry, or fiction—the means do not matter. **Robert K. Bingham** is on our staff.

Robert Bendiner's short note on the desirability of two-cylinder automobiles—or even a return to the one-horse shay—is a good deal more serious than it looks. Mr. Bendiner is a free-lance writer.

THE COVER impression of the Philippines is the second cover painted for us by **Romeo V. Tabuena,** a young Philippine artist now living in New York, where recently he had a one-man show.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

State of the Union

THE KINGDOM OF THE SPIRIT—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 10

FAREWELL TO AID . . . . . *Harlan Cleveland* 13

THE DIPLOMATIC COST OF MILITARY PENNY PINCHING . . . . . *Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.* 18

At Home & Abroad

BERIA'S TRIAL—THE OLD SHOW? . . . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 22

INTERNATIONAL PRIVATE EYE: ADVENTURES OF COLONEL AMOSS . . . . . *Spencer Klaw* 27

PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS AND HOW THEY GREW . . . *David Demarest Lloyd* 31

Views & Reviews

THE MYSTERIES OF BATAAN . . . . . *Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.* 35

Channels: TV AND THE DRAMATIST . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 39

A VISIT WITH EZRA POUND . . . . . *Dan Pinck* 40

UNCLE GAMINI AND THE BRITISH . . . . . *Tambimuttu* 44

THE UNPOPULAR PASSENGER—A SHORT STORY . . . . *Robert K. Bingham* 45

SCIENCE MARCHES BACKWARD . . . . . *Robert Bendiner* 48

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The Kingdom of the Spirit

"No government can inoculate its people against the fatal materialism that plagues our age. Happily, our people, though blessed with more material goods than any people in history, have always reserved their first allegiance to the kingdom of the spirit, which is the true source of that freedom we value above all material things."
—The President's State of the Union Message, 1954.

THE INVOCATION to God at the close of all Presidential addresses has become a well-established tradition—in fact, so well established that everyone who sits by his radio knows for sure that when the President mentions the Almighty, the blaring of "The Star-Spangled Banner" will follow in a few seconds. Yet there is still a genuine quality in this religious note at the end of a Presidential address.

Every sentence in a State of the Union message is the result of a compromise among conflicting advisers and is meant to be an object of further conflict and compromise. But the man who finally pronounces these over-edited, over-rehearsed speeches, all crammed with politics, cannot believe that the ultimate success of his Administration will depend only on the political skill that he and his supporters will muster. A President of the United States, no matter how popular and powerful, cannot help knowing that both the eminence of his office and the conjunction of fortunes that have brought him so high make him a lonely man, very much in need of aid from a superior Power.

This is certainly true of President Eisenhower, a man whose religious disposition can be gathered from many evidences—aside from the obvious one that he is a churchgoer. His extraordinary career during the last fifteen years was largely due to the confidence that George Marshall, Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, and Harry Truman had in him; later it was furthered by the clever use that Herbert Brownell and Thomas Dewey made of the "Texas steal," by the public-relations assistance of B.B.D.&O., and by the American people's craving for leadership. But only a monster of cynicism and arrogance could believe that this extraordinary series of circumstances, all exalting him, was merely his due. On the contrary, it is quite obvious that the President is a man humbled by success, unwilling to push his luck too far and deeply worried about the ultimate outcome of that adventure which is his life.

Unto These Caesars

Just because the paragraph quoted above from the President's speech expresses his deeply felt beliefs, it is not irreverent, I hope, to single it out and examine it, as any other paragraph of the State of the Union message may be examined. To what an extent is it true that "our people . . . have always reserved their first allegiance to the kingdom of the spirit"? Certainly the President by using these words has gone quite far: He, our Head of State, has admitted that this Republic is no more than a province in "the kingdom of the spirit." Among his listeners were men like Senators Bricker and Jenner, irreconcilable enemies of any subordination of American sovereignty that would make this country a part of any broader compact. These Senators, of course, would not object to compacts of a metaphorical, ineffectual nature.

But what the President called "the kingdom of the spirit" is probably far from being in his own mind a metaphorical, unsubstantial realm. Indeed, it was settled long, long before this Republic was founded. Its history is at least three thousand years old. Its tenets are to be found in the religious and philosophical books, written in Palestine and in Greece, that the West still lives by—or is supposed to.

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Its basic creed was crystallized about two thousand years ago in the precept that gives to man a dual citizenship, with responsibilities both to God and to Caesar.

In our country we have quite a few little Caesars bossing people around. There are the Caesars of unadulterated, simon-pure Americanism, the Caesars of business and of labor, as well as those whose function it is to mold people's minds. All of them are truculent; all ask for tribute. Curiously enough, they all give to the discipline they impose a most peculiar name: "American freedom."

With so many Caesars fussing around in the temporal realm, it is difficult to see which outlets are being left for what the President calls the people's "first allegiance" to the spiritual realm. Yet if we are completely immersed in the things of this earth, of Caesar's, we are little more than senseless pawns in a senseless game. Of course we have to play the temporal game to the utmost and make the best of our chances. It is one gamble after another, and those who do not dare take chances have only themselves to blame for a drab existence. But if we think that life is just a series of bets and that wisdom lies in the propitiation of luck, then we don't know much of what it's all about.

According to the President, "the true source of that freedom we value above all material things" is in "the kingdom of the spirit." Presumably he means that the "true source" of our freedom is to be found in something that is higher and much older than our Constitution—sacred and vital as our Constitution is. Presumably he means that our Constitutional freedoms and our Bill of Rights are not destined to last long unless they are accompanied by respect for the dignity and the infinite potentialities of the human spirit, no matter what the limitations of each individual may be. The President couldn't be any righter. Yet how can he fail to notice the way human spirits who happen to be American citizens are bullied and frightened during his tenure of office by the little Caesars? How can he fail to denounce the countless violations of privacy, the ever-spreading fear of speaking one's mind, the ever-increasing worry among our citizens at having their opinions misrepresented?

There are, to be sure, highly vocal men and women who claim to have derived from their long and devoted acquaintance with what is wrong the absolute knowledge of what is right. They treat the kingdom of the spirit as if it were an unexplored expanse of empty spaces where they stake their wildcatters' claims.

The enemy, as the President said, is materialism, and the greatest advocate of materialism in our days is Soviet Russia, the country where the very notion of "unto God" has been savagely outlawed. Our own materialism has not much to do with comfort or gadgets. It comes rather from the tendency to restrict our allegiance to the secular side of life —a tendency which, peculiarly enough, is accompanied by the effort to narrow the sphere of government in order to restore the "freedom of the individual"—or rather that of the little Caesars. Our materialism, as of old, expresses itself in the worship of many calves made of precious substances. In our times, many zealots favor the uranium calf.

America used to be the best evidence of what the human race can do when men of all nations and creeds work together, communicate with each other, and respect the sacredness of each other's persons. To be anti-American used to be a sordid form of misanthropy. Today, "un-American" has become so widely used that no one knows what groups or what ways of thinking it may be applied to.

The Stateless Un-Americans

For all his undoubtedly sincere "first allegiance to the kingdom of the spirit," the President has joined the parade of those who want to inflict the harshest possible punishment on those who are "un-American." If he has his way, we will soon see in our country stateless people, men and women deprived of all rights. How large the number of these new DPs may be will largely depend on the way the new statute is drafted and on its interpretation by the courts.

At the beginning, of course, only Communists convicted of advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence will be eligible for DP status. The comrades themselves are in no way entitled to complain of the new measure, for the Communist countries have been the first to set the example of how men can be stripped of rights. In any free society there must be some sort of price paid for dissent, for should the dissenter of today be the ruler of tomorrow, he stands to gain much. Should the Communists gain power in our country, they would not only become the rulers—they would own us. There is no question as to whether the Communist conspiracy should be punished. The only question is the measure of punishment.

The new form of punishment the President suggests takes away from men the right to have rights and makes them into stateless, lawless beings. The President should remember that he is the ruler—and not a very strong one—of a temporal power. He is not a spiritual ruler and he cannot condemn unbelievers to excommunication.

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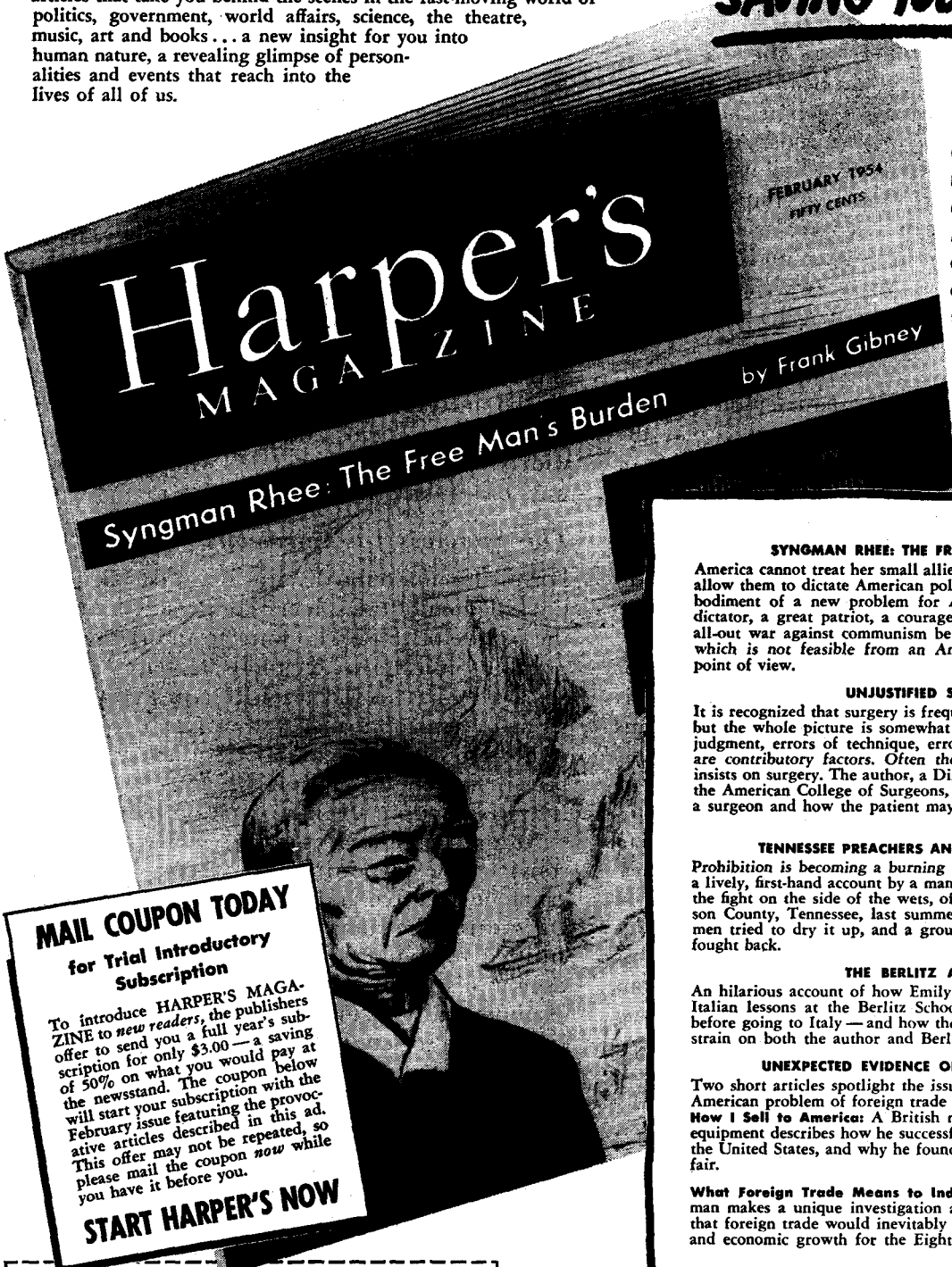

A glance at the contents of the February issue will convince you that *Harper's* embraces almost every area of adult human interest.

SYNGMAN RHEE: THE FREE MAN'S BURDEN
America cannot treat her small allies as puppets. Neither can she allow them to dictate American policy. Syngman Rhee is the embodiment of a new problem for American foreign policy — a dictator, a great patriot, a courageous man who insists that an all-out war against communism be launched on his native soil, which is not feasible from an American military or political point of view. *Frank Gibney*

UNJUSTIFIED SURGERY
It is recognized that surgery is frequently performed for a profit, but the whole picture is somewhat more complicated. Errors of judgment, errors of technique, errors of insufficient knowledge are contributory factors. Often the patient himself mistakenly insists on surgery. The author, a Director of Public Relations for the American College of Surgeons, suggests what to look for in a surgeon and how the patient may protect himself. *Greer Williams*

TENNESSEE PREACHERS AND THE DEMON RUM
Prohibition is becoming a burning issue in many states. Here is a lively, first-hand account by a man who was deeply involved in the fight on the side of the wets, of what happened in Williamson County, Tennessee, last summer when a number of clergymen tried to dry it up, and a group of less doctrinaire citizens fought back. *Marshall Morgan*

THE BERLITZ AFFAIR
An hilarious account of how Emily Kimbrough took a series of Italian lessons at the Berlitz School in New York last spring before going to Italy — and how the whole thing proved to be a strain on both the author and Berlitz. *Emily Kimbrough*

UNEXPECTED EVIDENCE ON FOREIGN TRADE
Two short articles spotlight the issues involved in the recurring American problem of foreign trade and tariffs:
How I Sell to America: A British manufacturer of high fidelity equipment describes how he successfully marketed his product in the United States, and why he found American tariffs more than fair. *H. A. Hartley*

What Foreign Trade Means to Indiana: A freshman congressman makes a unique investigation and comes to the conclusion that foreign trade would inevitably mean increased development and economic growth for the Eighth Congressional District. *Carroll Kilpatrick*

SETTLING THE COLONEL'S HASH
A keenly witty, penetrating discussion of symbolism in modern fiction by one of America's sharpest witted literary critics and novelists. The author discusses the uses of symbolism in fiction, the way various great writers have used it, and the way lesser writers have misused it. *Mary McCarthy*

Also in this issue: "Three Fables of La Fontaine" by Marianne Moore, "The Germans, Part III: The Uncalculated Risk" by Milton Mayer, "The Wanton Troopers" by Max Steele, and the regular departments of Bernard DeVoto, Gilbert Highet, and "Mr. Harper" — plus the New Recordings by Edward Tatnall Canby.

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Farewell to Aid

HARLAN CLEVELAND

APPLAUSE rang out from every part of the crowded chamber. In his State of the Union message of January 7, President Eisenhower had just said, "Economic assistance can be reduced."

They clapped for the end of a Marshall Plan which, because of the Korean War, seemed to have lasted too long. Big increases in Europe's production and monetary reserves make it seem logical to stop the flow of dollar gifts that started in 1948. Freer trade—"trade, not aid"—is not yet in sight, but this hardly dampened the applause. Whatever Congress does about tariffs, the "not aid" idea will have a wide appeal this year.

Congress was also applauding reduced aid outside Europe, in the world's underdeveloped areas. There too an era is ending—one that started in 1950. The new era will be hastened by the world-wide use of atomic power; its slogan may well be "investment, not aid."

Leaving Europe aside, it is important to see what brought the old era to an end and what the new era promises.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN launched the Point Four idea—technical co-operation for economic development—in January, 1949. It was promptly hailed as a great humanitarian gesture: In our interdependent world it is in the interest of the rich that opportunities be created for the poor.

Moreover, whether the rich liked it or not, nationalism and rising expectations had broken through the ancient crust of settled tradition in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. A perilous gap had opened up in many lands between the reality of squalor and a desire for plenty derived directly from contact with the industrial West over the last hundred years.

The Communists, of course, were busy filling this gap—with malice. For the would-be native leaders they provided a wave on which to ride. For the peasants they promised land in exchange for control—and threw in as a dividend the slogan chanted by an anarchist as he went to the guillotine in 1892: "If you want to be happy, for God's sake string up your landlord." The success of Mao Tse-tung has encouraged his imitators everywhere.

In a dozen countries of Asia, the resulting turmoil threatened to produce a chronic weakness and instability, and ultimately a Communist conquest. The danger was less immediate in Africa and Latin America, but the same factors were at work.

Impressed with the need but with no clear idea of the cost, Congress early in 1950 told Paul Hoffman's ECA and Dean Acheson's State Department to start experimenting with aid and technical co-operation in practically every underdeveloped country outside the Communist curtain. The threat was most acute in Asia, so the bulk of the money was concentrated there.

THE POLICY line was clear. If these people wanted to help themselves, we would help them. If they wanted to grow more food, we would show them how to apply our science and technology to the everyday problems of farming—how to use commercial fertilizer, select better seed, use more efficient tools. They wanted to put their teeming populations to work in factories; we would show them

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how. But we would *demonstrate*, nothing more. If they needed anything beyond that, they should do their best to attract some private investment—mostly from the United States.

Building a House

As the program comes up for review in a new session of Congress four years later, more than 1,600 Americans are engaged in this work in thirty-seven countries. They have learned some lessons that have already changed the size and shape of what Congress thought it was approving back in 1950.

They learned, first, that they weren't primarily engaged in technical or economic work at all. County agents from Kentucky and Nebraska found that there was no point in talking about growing more food when their listeners were interested only in getting a fairer share of what they were already growing. Doctors with years of specialized training in treating disease found themselves caught up in the gigantic administrative task of building a national public-health service from the ground up. Business executives with a reputation for getting things done discovered that their first problem was to devise a government accounting system that would give a modicum of predictability to private business, or help organize a central bank that would keep the development program from starting up an ungovernable currency inflation.

The unabashed corruption (which they encountered only too frequently) and the lack of men trained to management appalled them. The leisurely ways of the East, the siestas of the South, drove them crazy. In some countries even the most primitive steps forward were paralyzed by guerrilla war or by the inability of Ministers to stay in office for more than a few weeks at a time.

And so what was expected kept running ahead of what was possible. The doctors of medicine, of engineering, and of philosophy found that the limits to the possible were set not by science and technology but by the need to build new *institutions*—a reasonably stable government, a tax system that worked, a land-reform program, a police force stronger than the surrounding bandits, an agricultural-extension service, a school system, a network of hospitals, a capital market to funnel savings into production. It was as if a plumber had been summoned to fix the pipes and found he had to help build the house first.

The new-style American missionaries learned something else, too: that it often isn't enough just to "show how with know-how." Without an adequate flow of capital behind it, our technical advice might accelerate the production not of food but of frustration.

'Ex$perts'

This conclusion was hard to swallow, for it contradicted a basic preconception: Point Four was supposed to be cheap. Congress had this straight from the late Dr. Henry G. Bennett, the grandfatherly president of Oklahoma A. & M., who, as first Administrator of Point Four, generated a remarkable amount of enthusiasm for the program on Capitol Hill by emphasizing its small cost.

But in country after country, the facts flew in the face of the Congressional admonition to "keep it small." India's Five-Year Food Plan, for example, couldn't be carried out by advice givers; it required sizable imports of machinery plus help in buying large imports of food.

All through the underdeveloped areas, the need for capital was becoming apparent. Some of the plans and projects were merely the dreams of young engineering students who, studying in the United States, had seen Schenectady and the TVA and wanted to take them home. But many others grew directly out of the technical-assistance program itself. The Filipinos needed capital to develop their coal mines; the Thai wanted to build roads and railways, partly for military purposes; the Ethiopians were encouraged to increase their food surplus, which implied a big investment in agriculture; the Peruvians expected to start an insecticide industry.

As each group of American experts in each country learned this lesson, urgent pleas came back to Washington for funds that could be used to build highways and dams, dig for minerals, and put up fertilizer plants —funds to start a dozen small Industrial Revolutions.

A little of the needed money could come through loans from the Export-Import Bank, a government agency, and the U.N.-sponsored International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Occasionally, as in Peru's insecticide industry, American private investors could be

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tempted. But most of the funds were supplied the "easy" way—by expanding the concept of technical assistance and adding more and more grant money to the existing budget for foreign aid.

Last year, for example, we were putting out $143 million for technical experts with grants-in-aid attached, or what one Middle East observer calls "ex$perts." At the same time Congress provided $187 million more for technical and economic aid to countries with serious military problems, such as Formosa and Indo-China, and another $269 million for countries of South Asia and the Middle East in whose rapid economic growth we were especially interested for one reason or another.

As more and more economic aid was piled on top of the technical assistance, Congressional support for foreign grants waned to the vanishing point. Impatience with this pattern of spending came from three related worries:

¶The cost: Even if it doesn't run into the billions, like the Marshall Plan, helping the underdeveloped areas apparently doesn't come cheap.

¶The duration: Unlike UNRRA and the European Recovery Plan, there is no discernible end to the business—not four years, or ten years, or any other convenient stopping place. (One brave Administration witness told Congress at the start that technical assistance would run for fifty years.)

¶The kind of money: We are treating an investment problem with year-to-year grants, as though it were emergency relief.

On the receiving end, too, there is growing uneasiness. No country wants to hitch its long-range plans for economic development to the inconstant star of Congressional appropriations. Nationalist leaders, especially in Asia, are not sure how long they can go on accepting economic-aid grants from the world's strongest military power without slipping into its political orbit as satellites. They are wrong, but their fear is a fact to be reckoned with. And yet they need the aid if the expectations of their own people are to be even partly satisfied.

If more investment—not aid—is the answer, what is wrong with American private capital? Nothing at all, except that its willingness to invest abroad is myth rather than fact.

Eggless Goose

In the years since the Second World War, U.S. private investment abroad can only be described as piddling, averaging under $600 million a year in the whole world, developed and underdeveloped—less than American tourists spent abroad in 1953. During the same period we have been investing up to $50 billion a year in our own growth.

In only one year since the war did Americans invest abroad more than they received in income from investments already outstanding. The shocking fact is that our friends abroad would have done better for themselves if they had prevented Americans from taking out of their countries any earnings from capital already invested—*even if that meant no more new investment.* They would merely have killed the goose that wasn't laying the golden eggs.

Moreover, nearly two-thirds of all our foreign investments since the war have been made by a handful of enterprising oil companies, to pay for finding and pumping out their fabulous oil fields in the Middle East and Latin America, and for building refineries abroad. Now that the market for oil is going soft, the oil companies are investing much less, and few other investors are appearing to take their place.

In the face of these facts, government policy has been to whistle in the dark. Each year, in Democratic and Republican seasons alike, a bold new committee is set up in Washington to study why private investors won't invest abroad. Each year a familiar fact is rediscovered: Since the United States is such a booming market for investment capital, why bother investing elsewhere—especially when exaggerated fears of capitalist exploitation and the urge to socialize the means of production cause nations to resist being helped by private enterprisers? Indeed, the U.S. market is so attractive that too many wealthy Asians and Latin Americans—as well as Europeans—prefer to invest in our growth rather than in their own.

Tax incentives to goad Americans into sending their money abroad

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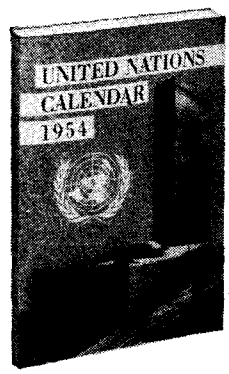

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have been studied for years. But nobody has yet thought up a politically salable scheme for discriminating against home-grown profits in favor of the foreign variety.

Goads and Spurs

All sorts of government guarantees and incentives have been devised to assure the American investor that he will be able to convert his earnings back into dollars, and that he will be paid off if his enterprise is nationalized by the local government—or seized by somebody who isn't yet the government. But there are too many other ways in which an investor can be put out of business: by discrimination, by boycotts, by labor trouble, by a hundred and one forms of "creeping expropriation" against which no form of insurance can be devised. So the investor stays home, and the guarantee program, passed by Congress after long debate and advertised with great energy, languishes largely unused.

Private funds are drying up partly because such a small amount of *public* funds is being invested abroad. The most enthusiastic entrepreneur is not going to put his money into an area where roads, railroads, ports, public-health facilities, food production, and education are not receiving adequate attention from the local government. Private funds cannot be used for these purposes; the return is too small, and much of the return is not in profits at all, but in a better climate for growth and money-making by *other* enterprises. The government of the underdeveloped country generally has an underdeveloped budget, and is often unable to lay its hands on the cash to invest in basic developments. The first step in promoting more private investment is to be sure there is a vigorous public investment program with which it can team up. Just now there is not.

The public investors are two: the U.S. Export-Import Bank and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. EXIMBANK has never succeeded in cutting loose from its narrow original purpose, which was to lubricate U.S. trade rather than to invest in other countries' growth. In recent years it has been lending hardly more than it has collected in repayments. The Eisenhower Administration has fenced it even more strictly into its trade-financing role.

By contrast the International Bank, established at Bretton Woods in 1944, is supposed to promote development; last year it loaned $94 million to five "less developed" countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

The International Bank is hemmed in not by its purposes but by the kinds of funds it has to work with. Most of what it lends must come from the sale of its own bonds (guaranteed by the United States) in the New York money market. It can lend only to governments. If it lends dollars, it must get dollars back. Therefore it can't take big risks, or team up effectively with private investors, or lend beyond the capacity of a country to earn more foreign exchange than it needs to cover current imports.

Inside the barriers with which its member nations (including the United States) have surrounded it, the International Bank's management has done an imaginative job. But in its present form it is only a very partial step in the direction of "investment, not aid." Some much more flexible investment bank is going to be needed.

The Atomic Short Cut

Impatient with aid and discouraged about investment, we still face perilous rising expectations abroad. And now a convulsive new force is to be added: the potential of atomic power. "The United States knows that peaceful power from atomic energy is no dream of the future. That capability, already proved, is here now—today." When the President made that announcement on December 8 and then proposed a United Nations bank of "fissionable material . . . to serve the peaceful pursuits of mankind," he added a wholly new urgency to the problem of foreign development, a wholly new dimension to the task of helping the world's undeveloped areas.

"A special purpose" of his plan, said the President, "would be to provide abundant electrical energy in the power-starved areas of the world." Before the atom was split, countries yearning for an Industrial Revolution had to find coal nearby, or else a good supply of falling water that could be converted to hydroelectric power. But before long, it should be possible for many countries to develop the power sources they need, using fuel that is low in cost and tiny in bulk.

A pound of uranium—a cube approximately one inch by one inch by one inch—contains as much energy as three million pounds of coal. Inasmuch as a breeding process already developed will enable all of each pound to be used as energy, the day is not far off when $10,000 worth of uranium can take the place of $30,000,000 worth of coal.

This potent payoff of the "miraculous inventiveness of man" can be put to work in what the President called the "power-starved areas" only if somebody is ready to invest in

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their growth—that is, to finance the building of power plants and develop the production that will use the power. Electricity generated by atomic energy will enlarge the opportunities for private investment, and the need for public investment, in new factories and better farms. With aid drying up and "normal" investment still slow, where is the money coming from?

Here is just the place for vigorous risk taking by public venture capital. President Eisenhower has already, last April 16, proposed a world development fund as an alternative to the arms race. It is now plain that alongside his pool of fissionable materials, the world will need a pool of investable money.

Toward a Development Fund

It's not a new idea. For several years there has been much talk and little action on plans for an International Development Authority. The Nelson Rockefeller report ("A Report to the President by the International Development Advisory Board," March, 1951) proposed a world authority to finance public works that could not be handled entirely on a loan basis. This board also wanted an International Finance Corporation that would help channel private money into the underdeveloped areas. The idea was this: The corporation would collect money from the general public and invest directly in foreign companies. As an enterprise in which it invested became profitable, the corporation would sell off its shares and thus help create a market for securities even in countries where none had existed before.

THESE and similar plans suggested in other reports reflected a growing conviction that public investment in the less developed countries should be handled by an *international* agency. Multinational organizations can be unbelievably cumbersome. But as the International Bank's experience has shown, a U.N. representative finds it a lot easier to get his ideas accepted in the receiving country than most national agencies do.

Investing in development makes the investor a partner in the financial and even the political management of the recipient country. The U.N. doesn't have troops that go with its investment money; it is not so vulnerable to the charge of imperialism as is a big power. If it urges measures to control inflation or counsels buying more fertilizer instead of a cold-strip rolling mill, its advice is more likely to be taken seriously. And the success of most development plans depends on decisions like these as much as it does on money or technical skill.

A Place to Start

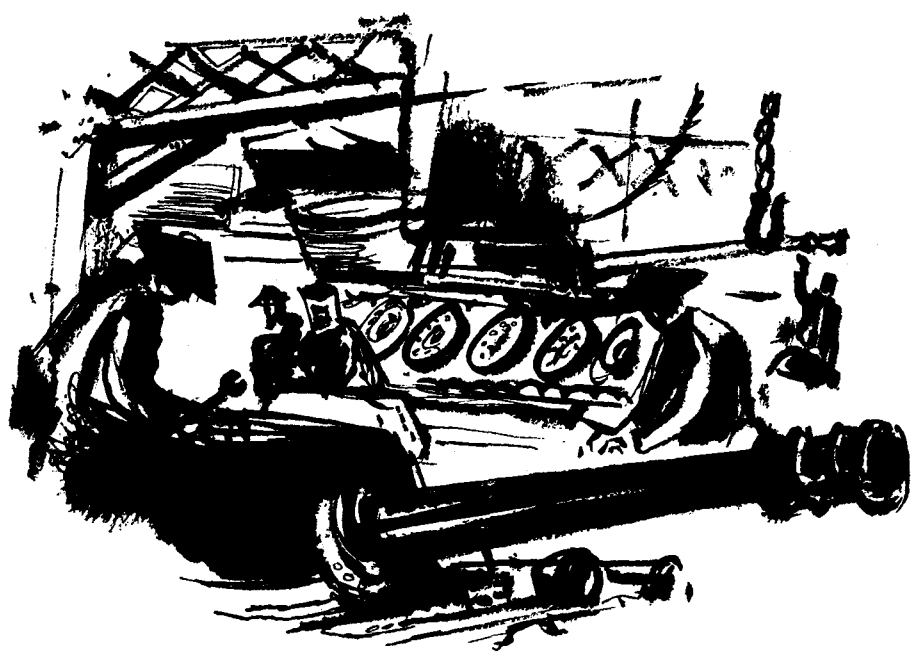
The worry about investment led in time to a practical and modest plan of action. It is called SUNFED—the Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development. Prepared by a U.N.-appointed group of experts, the plan calls for a new United Nations agency to speed economic development. The agency would finance projects under a flexible authority that would enable it to tailor the terms and conditions of loans to the progress of each individual country and project. It could accept payment in local currencies rather than in dollars or pounds. It could even make limited and partial grants to help get under way useful public projects that would not "pay off" fully in strictly monetary terms.

The new fund should come into being, said the U.N. panel of experts, whenever the governments could agree to put up $250 million as a starter. More would be solicited as the need for it became apparent; but the experts, applying some of the lessons of recent experience, hedged the whole scheme around with safeguards designed to prevent the profligate or political use of funds.

The SUNFED idea was debated off and on in the United Nations for most of last year. Before the President's atom speech of December 8, it was shelved after the U.S. delegate had brushed it off as inconsistent with our "heavy defense obligations."

The reasoning here was a little obscure. The United Nations proposal requires a sum that would run our present defense program for about a day and a half. The assertion that the United States' contribution to the quarter of a billion dollars would be beyond our means is rather questionable when it is considered that we are presently in the process of reducing our national-defense spending by some twenty times that amount.

WE CAN DARE to hope that the President's initiative on December 8 may lead to a gradual arms reduction. But without waiting for that uncertain day, we can now link two ideas: the pool of atomic energy for peaceful uses, and the pool of investment funds for economic development. The era of stopgap "aid" can then truly be succeeded by an era of investment in atom-powered economic growth.



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The Diplomatic Cost Of Military Penny Pinching

EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, Jr.

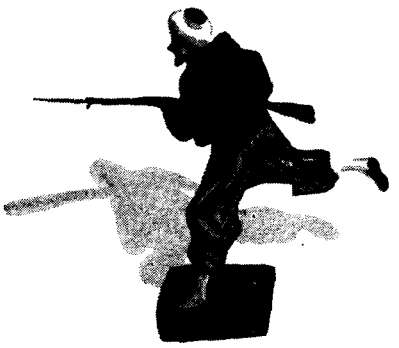
BOTH Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson and Deputy Secretary Roger M. Kyes came to Washington from General Motors with a company credo. The credo was as simple as it was strongly held, and Mr. Kyes stated it with his usual bluntness. ". . . If our industrial experience is worth a nickel," he said, speaking for himself and Mr. Wilson and knowing perfectly well that their combined experience was worth well over half a million dollars a year, "we ought to be able to find some ideas that are going to help somebody some place to get it cheaper." After a year in office they have turned out a budget that does "get it cheaper." "It," of course, is military strength. But acceptance of the budget proposals implies much more than saving some money. It implies the acceptance of a new strategy.

The cutback in military spending proposed in the new budget is based on the premise that tactical atomic weapons, the atomic cannon, a smaller atomic bomb, and perhaps guided missiles will be adequate to any future military needs. "The usefulness of these new weapons," the President said in his State of the Union message, "creates new relationships between men and materials. These new relationships permit economies in the use of men as we build forces suited to our situation in the world today."

The reliance on the atomic cannon, or "peashooter," as the airmen call it, and on other tactical atomic weapons may make possible over the next three years a slash of a quarter in military spending and of about one-fifth in military manpower. Given the long time required for the production of new weapons, this policy may actually shape the nation's strategy for a period not of three but of six years.

IN THE PROPOSED budget the Army will take the brunt of the contemplated cuts and the Navy a lesser share, while the Air Force will continue to expand. The new pattern of spending places great emphasis on retaliatory air power. In this respect, it follows the Republican Party line, and doubtless it will be argued along party lines, as strategy has been argued between the parties since Federalists wrangled with Jeffersonian Democratic Republicans over what the young Republic's naval policy should be.

Retaliatory air power will again



be presented to Congress as the great deterrent to total war. The Administration will claim that there will also be plenty of strength to handle "brush fires." But this year something new will be added: the civilian Secretaries' claim that we are really getting a bigger bang for fewer dollars.

Here is the theory behind the claim. If the nation is well "tooled up," as these General Motors men would say, with efficient war machinery—by which they mean atomic weapons in smaller sizes—it would be possible to cut overhead in manpower and money and still have a more powerful military machine than heretofore. The military machine, however, like a General Motors vehicle, is geared to do a certain job. For what kind of job will this new-model military machine be best suited?

Containment vs. Knockout

The job of the military during the Truman Administration was to give military backing to a policy of containment. The definition of containment was a broad one, and was political as well as military. "It is not only the threat of direct military attack which must be considered," former Secretary of State Dean Acheson once explained to a Congressional committee, "but also that of conquest by default, by pressure, by persuasion, by subversion, by 'neutralism,' by all the paraphernalia of indirect aggression which the Communist movement has used." Containment aimed at establishing a balance of power from which negotiation would be possible. Despite its broad scope, the policy was fundamentally a cautious one, and the military policy to support it had to be just as cautious and just as broad.

General Omar N. Bradley, the retired Chairman of the Truman Administration's Joint Chiefs of Staff, who claimed he hated talking but did so much of it so well, outlined the so-called balanced-force concept this way last August: "It must be broadly based, well balanced and arranged in depth; it must be open-minded and flexible; and it must include wide diversification in the research, development and procurement of the latest weapons."

Korea had taught Bradley, Presi-

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dent Truman, and Secretary Acheson that the policy of containment could not be carried out with just the atomic bomb and a balanced budget. It was apparent in June, 1950, that the Soviet Union planned to do more than watch "America . . . spend itself into bankruptcy," as former Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson once claimed was the Soviet's real policy. Thereafter our military policy was geared to meeting many contingencies short of both bankruptcy and total war.

Both of the Truman military policies—that of Louis Johnson before Korea and that of General George C. Marshall and Robert A. Lovett thereafter—followed the usual pattern of military thinking: Both prepared for future contingencies in terms of those most recently met. The first policy looked back to Hiroshima, the second back to the invasion of Korea. The new policy is different. According to its authors, it looks forward, not back.

GENERAL Matthew B. Ridgway, Chief of Staff of the Army, told the students of Lafayette College last October that any budget should be based on what we need in view of enemy capabilities. But it is clear that General Ridgway's particular touchstone is not that of his boss, Charles Wilson. Nor is it that of the "ugliest man to be in Washington since Abe Lincoln," as the awesome Roger Kyes likes to call himself. It would appear that Mr. Wilson's consistent success at "bringing home the bacon" for General Motors may have imbued him with such a boundless sense of optimism that his perspectives on Russia's capabilities are blurred. Mr. Wilson remarked on October 6, in the face of all the evidence and in the face of what his Administration teammates were saying, ". . . that they've got bombs ready to drop and airplanes to drop them with, I would personally doubt a little."

If this budget is not adjusted to enemy capabilities, then what is it adjusted to? It is adjusted not to what the enemy can do but rather to what the Administration thinks the country ought to spend. Economy is the catchword. The National Security Council, on which the Director of the Bureau of the Budget now sits, has apparently taken the position that the military establishment can

be run more cheaply if atomic weapons are used tactically under certain conditions. The Joint Chiefs were accordingly directed to re-examine the budget in this light.

Mr. Wilson, Meet Mr. Dulles

Shortly after the first submission of defense estimates, Mr. Kyes put the Council's views right on the line in a talk he gave to the Women's National Press Club. The western world, he said, "can no longer afford to prepare for every conceivable kind of war." On this speculative foundation he superimposed the theory that the use of atomic weapons would increase our military readiness at a lower cost. But there were ramifications here that the watchful eye of the Deputy Secretary seemed to miss. He made no comment as to whether it followed from the theory that the military-policy tail might in the future wag the foreign-policy dog.

Secretary Wilson, who admits that he has a proclivity for putting his foot in his mouth, inadvertently indicated that the strategy might lead to new diplomacy. He let slip the superficially reasonable presumption that the increased firepower that tactical atomic weapons would give might in future enable the United States to withdraw some of its divisions from Europe. The State Department, alarmed at the thought, issued an unusual flurry of statements to the effect that withdrawal from Europe was *not* contemplated. This contretemps between the State Department and the Defense Department raises a question as to whether it is possible to change military policy without changing foreign policy.

The reason for the Secretary of State's alacrity in denying Mr. Wilson's sally into conjecture about a possible withdrawal of troops from Europe was that the six divisions in Europe have a symbolic value that cannot be expressed in terms of firepower. Basically, they are like the plate-glass windows in Tiffany's. If they are not in themselves a positive deterrent to aggression, they warn anyone considering aggression about a lot of other forces that can be brought into play.

So here we end up with a thumping fine paradox. Europe, the area to which the tactical atomic weapons are best adapted, is not an area in which limited war will break out. The United States simply has too

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much at stake there. So while more firepower is a good thing to have, its immediate usefulness in Europe would seem to be relatively small.

In the Far East limited war is still possible in a way it is not in Europe. And more firepower is certainly needed in the Far East. But A-weapons are poorly suited to conditions in this area. For maximum effectiveness these weapons should be used in open country against large concentrations of troops. In guerrilla country, in jungle and high mountains, particularly in Southeast Asia, the energy of small groups of men will remain relatively more important than that of groups of atoms —a situation which, flattering though it may be to the human ego, does not make the United States's military position any stronger.

The day after Christmas, during the peace-talk stalemate, it was announced that two divisions were being withdrawn from Korea. By *reducing* forces in the Far East the United States is in effect doing the same thing it did when it *sent* troops to Europe. It is serving notice that we do not intend to take the offensive—or to let President Syngman Rhee do it—and also that if hostilities are resumed, far more radical steps will be taken.

A military penny pincher must of necessity be a sort of diplomatic spendthrift. And when the budget reduces the alternatives, as much thought has to be given to what one *wants to do as to what can be done.* The ability to deal with aggression in any but the most extreme terms decreases as military policy becomes tied to more powerful weapons. A man must always be sent to do what may prove to be only a boy's work.

The use of "volunteers" to fight a foreign war is only one of the dodges the Communists have available to them. What are we to do if a "spontaneous people's revolution" starts throughout Southeast Asia? This is the sort of question to which in the past no clean-cut answers could be given. If we were vague about it, we were also flexible. But if atomic cannon are substituted for men in this area, a decision on the ground will be harder, not easier, to reach.

From a close study of the generals' comments on all this, one gets the impression that the military are not at all sure that the Cabinet members truly grasp all the implications. And there is, furthermore, indication that some members of "the team" itself are not convinced that their colleagues know what they are doing.

While Mr. Kyes was talking about making realistic adjustments to the new technology, General Ridgway was talking about the dangers of thinking that the new weapons would save men. On the same day that the Secretary of Defense was telling the National Press Club about the necessity of "giving proper weight to [new] weapons and equipment," General Ridgway was talking derisively in Cleveland about some people who were espousing "new and untested devices, machines and weapons, in the hope that these can substitute for men." The Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Robert B. Carney, was talking to dock workers at a launching about the stupidity of trying to get defense at "bargain-basement" prices at approximately the same time that Roger Kyes was telling the Women's National Press Club about the necessity of reducing expenditures.

Between Two Stools

Upon the premise that as total war becomes more suicidal, and hence, presumably, less likely, the invitation to limited war becomes greater rather than less, it is argued that more and not less should be *spent on the ground forces.* Recent years have witnessed the revolt of the admirals over unification of the services and the revolt of the airmen over the 1953 budget cuts. Now we may see a "revolt" in the Army command.

The Army is arguing that historically the more destructive the force, the greater the need of men becomes. The more destructive the weapons are, the generals say, the more need there is for dispersion and defense in depth. Hence the introduction of tactical atomic weapons may require more men rather than fewer.

The professional advice of the Army has been turned down flat by Secretary Wilson. On November 5, 1953, Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, Director of the Office of Defense Mobilization, announced that the draft for January and February of this year might rise to 40,000 or 50,000 and might even go as high as 60,000. This increase was also being urged by the Chief of Selective Service. But the very next day it turned out that the Director did not have the latest word. On November 6, Mr. Wilson announced that the January draft call would be held to 23,000. "Important progress," he said four days later, was being made to take advantage "of all scientific and engineering developments. . . ." At the end of November a ten per cent cut in personnel, at an estimated billion-dollar saving, was reported to be "under study." On December 11, 1953, it was so ordered. The proposed budget makes it clear that in the opinion of the civilian chiefs the Army does not know its own requirements.

Other critics of the Administra-

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tion's military budget say that we should pay more attention to defensive measures and less to offensive ones.

When President Eisenhower told a conference of mayors about the dangers of the atomic world and suggested that they ought to do something about it locally, he received the answer that, given the situation as outlined, the Federal government ought to show the way, concentrating more on the development of home defense. Many people, within the Administration as well as outside it, thought the point was well taken.

There is today a surprisingly large area of agreement among scientists and scholars—people normally prone to disagree—about military matters. They point out that there is danger in thinking of military strength as an absolute that necessarily increases as the total potential destructive power grows greater. They point out that there is a point of no return at which more strength simply doesn't mean very much. In other words, there is no point in having a thousand atomic bombs if a hundred will bring on the Day of Judgment.

The scientists, although frequently more pessimistic in private than in public, say that more could be done defensively. They argue for an all-out attempt to stop the bombers before they get here. They add that further steps be taken to cut down the damage if and when it comes. Yet, when the subject of continental defense was brought up at a press conference last October, the cheerful Secretary of Defense remarked: "While we could spend our money on a Maginot Line, that wouldn't be the thing that would prevent the war."

Whither the Admiral?

Official U.S. Navy photographs of Admiral Arthur F. Radford, those which appear in the newspapers, usually show him with a smile on his face. Actually the new Chairman of the Joint Chiefs is not a man with a penchant for the broad smile. He is singularly impressive when his face is solemn. Possessing a reputation for tremendous efficiency in naval circles, he is a man of convictions and, some say, of stubbornness. In a very real sense he is a production man too. As Deputy Chief of Naval Operations and then commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet, he has been accustomed to running a shop that dwarfs even that of Mr. Wilson in Detroit.

The Admiral is best known for the stand he took against the B-36 bomber of the Air Force. No man could have been more lucid. "The B-36, under any theory of war," he declared, "is a bad gamble with national security."

In 1949 the Admiral said that "our defense budgets should not be used for unproven weapons." Does he consider the similar complaints that General Ridgway is making today justified? In 1949 the Admiral also said that he did "not believe the threat of the atomic blitz will be an effective deterrent to war or that it will win that war." By "win that war" he meant win it "in such a way that it can be followed by a stable, livable peace."

It is interesting to contrast the opinions the Admiral expressed in 1949 with what the Department of Defense is doing today.

PRODUCTION MEN Wilson and Kyes, as would be expected, want more for less, a "bigger bang for the buck." The policy is not actually a new one at all. It leads inevitably back to the policy of the late Senator Taft and former President Hoover—a policy relying almost exclusively on air and sea power, preparing American military force only for total war.

The Army generals—and Admiral Radford, if one may judge from his recent speeches—want to go slower and keep the military base as broad as possible to allow latitude for other contingencies.

The President's budget recommendations were intended as a compromise between the one-way, one-weapon strategy and the strategy that leaves the way open for negotiation.

But to our Allies the compromise looks like a new departure of the kind they fear most. To our Allies the compromise looks like neo-isolationism, a step on the way to the withdrawal from a defense of Europe on the continent to what *Le Monde*, the neutralist French daily, calls the "famous policy of peripheral bases" —Britain, Spain, and North Africa. Cutting down the manpower in the services, which is quite different from cutting down the waste of it, will persuade fearful people that the United States is willing to defend its friends with its machines but not with its blood. To our Allies the compromise looks like the dismally logical conclusion to Mr. Dulles's threat of withdrawal from Europe unless Europe moves faster to its own defense. With larger weapons, they wonder, will threats become more frequent, more careless, and less meaningful, until, meaninglessly, in an instant, war becomes total?

"Leadership must have patience or it cannot succeed," the President said one day when he was still a general. Has patience run out?

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Beria's Trial— The Old Show?

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE STRANGEST aspect of Lavrenti Beria's downfall was the silence that attended it. Between June 26, 1953, when Beria was denounced before a secret session of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, and December 23, 1953, when he faced a firing squad, there was only one flurry of official excitement over his case. On July 10 the world first learned about Beria's downfall, and during the following two or three days meetings throughout the Soviet Union passed ready-made resolutions condemning the "traitor." Then the ripple of "popular anger" faded. No new revelations followed. There were no demands for severe punishment, no torrent of abuse, no cries of "Shoot the mad dog!"—none of the mechanical crescendo of fury and terror that filled Moscow's air long before each of the great purge trials of the 1930's. It would have been difficult to guess in the fall of 1953 that one of the triumvirs who had spoken over Stalin's bier in March was waiting to be tried for his life.

Suddenly, on December 17, the State Prosecutor published a summary of the indictment of Beria and his six co-defendants. Next day it was revealed that a court presided over by Marshal I. S. Konev had been convened for Beria's trial. Its proceedings, held *in camera,* lasted less than a week; on December 23 seven death sentences were handed down; on the same day the executioners went to work. Again only a ripple of emotion was noticeable; the following morning leading articles in Soviet newspapers dealt with such routine matters as the work and welfare of Soviet agricultural students.

This almost indecent affectation of phlegm of course concealed an intense struggle over great issues of policy and personal rivalry for power—a struggle that could scarcely have been concluded on December 23.

The Judges

In the September 1, 1953, issue of *The Reporter,* I described the coalition of interests and groups which, in my view, had brought about

Beria's downfall soon after the anti-Soviet revolt of June 16-17 in East Germany: "Soldier, policeman, and Stalinist stalwart," I said, had joined hands against Beria, who "in the last period of his activity . . . represented the curious paradox of a semiliberal police chief in a totalitarian state." Influential army leaders saw a dangerous "security risk" in Beria's quasi-liberal policy, which, among other things, favored a higher degree of autonomy for the outlying Soviet Republics and possibly also for the People's Democracies. The party stalwarts were shocked by the haste with which Beria (or Malenkov and Beria) had interred the trappings of the Stalin cult along with its idol.

Beria's former subordinates in the secret police had not forgiven him their humiliation in the notorious "affair of the nine doctors." In January the secret police had uncovered a "medical plot" by nine Kremlin physicians, most of them Jewish, who were charged with being instrumental in the deaths of, among others, Politburo member Andrei Zhdanov. The resulting furor had built up into a wave of Soviet anti-Semitism. In April, a month after Stalin's death, Beria suddenly vindicated the doctors by announcing that their confessions had been obtained illegally and by demoting and arresting Deputy Chief Riumin and other former leaders of the Ministry of State Security for their part in the case.

DURING THE Beria trial, representatives of this coalition of interests occupied the bench of the Supreme Court. The body that tried Beria was no regular judicial assembly, nor was it a court-martial. It was a political tribunal par excellence, which the Supreme Soviet had specially appointed for this occasion.

The Beria trial was the first case on record in which a Red Army Marshal

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presided over a predominantly civilian court. In 1937 Marshal Voroshilov conducted the trial of Marshal Tukhachevsky and other Red Army "traitors," but this was strictly a military tribunal. Beria, although a Marshal of State Security, was not tried as a soldier.

Beside Marshal Konev sat General K. S. Moskalenko. The party bosses on the bench were N. M. Shvernik and N. A. Mikhailov. Shvernik, at present leader of the trade unions, was demoted after Stalin's death from the office of President of the Soviet Union by Beria and Malenkov. He now had his revenge; and in part he probably also revenged himself for the insulted Stalin cult. Shvernik, one of the most faithful Stalinists, had been more responsible than anyone else for transforming the trade unions into rigidly disciplined agencies of the Stalinist state. Mikhailov is the boss of the party's Moscow organization. It is worth noting that neither Mikhailov nor Shvernik belongs to the first rank of party leaders, and that although the army was represented by one of its brilliant and most famous Marshals, the party was content to send second-raters.

Finally, the political police sent only one man, K. F. Lunev, Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs, to testify against their former chief and his assistants. Two or three other judges were representatives of the regular Soviet Supreme Court.

The Judged

If we turn from the judges' bench, so spectacularly dominated by Marshal Konev's imposing figure, to the men in the dock, we are struck by another unprecedented feature of the trial. No group like this one ever appeared before any of the treason courts of the 1930's. Beria's six co-defendants were:

Vsevolod Merkulov, chief of State Security throughout the Second World War, in recent years Minister of State Control;

V. Dekanozov, officer of the political police, for a time assigned to diplomatic missions, more recently Georgia's Minister of Internal Affairs;

Pavel Meshik, also of the secret police, recently Minister of Internal Affairs in the Ukraine;

Bogdan Kobulov, former Deputy Minister of State Security, recently Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs;

S. Goglidze, Under Secretary in the Ministry of Internal Affairs;

L. E. Vlodzimirsky, head of the Investigation Department under Beria.

The group, then, consisted exclusively of policemen. It did not include a single civilian or a single

official of any other branch of government. When Genrikh Yagoda, one of Beria's predecessors at the head of the political police, was tried in 1938, he was the only police chief among twenty-one party leaders, propagandists, administrators, scholars, and other defendants. This time the directors of the drama apparently were determined to present the trial in such a way that it should sink into popular memory and enter the textbooks as "the trial of the secret police."

Unlike Yagoda, Beria was tried *in camera.* This could scarcely have been due to the necessity for protecting important state secrets, because in a trial carefully planned and rehearsed beforehand, as the trials of the old Bolsheviks were, such secrets can be excellently protected even in public proceedings. Why, then, was Beria's trial conducted behind closed doors? There are two possible explanations: Either Beria and his friends refused to confess the most important crimes (a hint to this effect can indeed be read into the official summary of the trial) or the stage directors wanted to be careful not to reproduce the set spectacle of the 1930's, with its interminable, nightmarish confessions from the dock. Thus, although the charges leveled against Beria were based on the old Stalinist models, the conduct of the trial was not.

The Judgment

The indictment depicted an amalgam of crimes, some plausible and others altogether fantastic. Beria, it was alleged, had been guilty of terroristic acts, of unscrupulously climbing over corpses, and of trying to place his police above party and government; he had been a foreign spy and a traitor almost from boyhood; he had worked for Georgian and Azerbaijani nationalists and Mensheviks; he had done his utmost to wreck his country's economy and to restore capitalism. Briefly, he was a "contemptible Judas." Yet even the ritualistic list of crimes was not what it used to be. In the old days a Bukharin, a Radek, or a Yagoda was forced to confess that he had been caught red-handed preparing to assassinate Stalin, Molotov, Kaganovich, and the whole Politburo. This time there was no such talk. Nor were there the usual charges concerning "wreckers" who had poisoned wells, contaminated food, and sabotaged coal mines. Perhaps the stage directors were uncertain as to whether these demonological additions would spoil the show, and also as to whether, after an interval of fifteen years, the Soviet public was still capable of accepting such balderdash.

Outside the courtroom there was the same air of caution and uncertainty about the production. The whole affair received relatively little space in the newspapers. The routine public meetings were not worked up to a pitch of hysteria; and their resolutions, although demanding "exemplary punishment for the outcasts," nevertheless lacked that peculiar hoarse bloodthirstiness that they had when Andrei Vishinsky, as chief prosecutor, set the tone.

There was, furthermore, no trace of that peculiar obsession with denunciation that used to keep the Stalinist propagandists on the subjects of Bukharinism and Trotskyism even when they were discussing astronomy, an event a thousand years old, or a hope a thousand years

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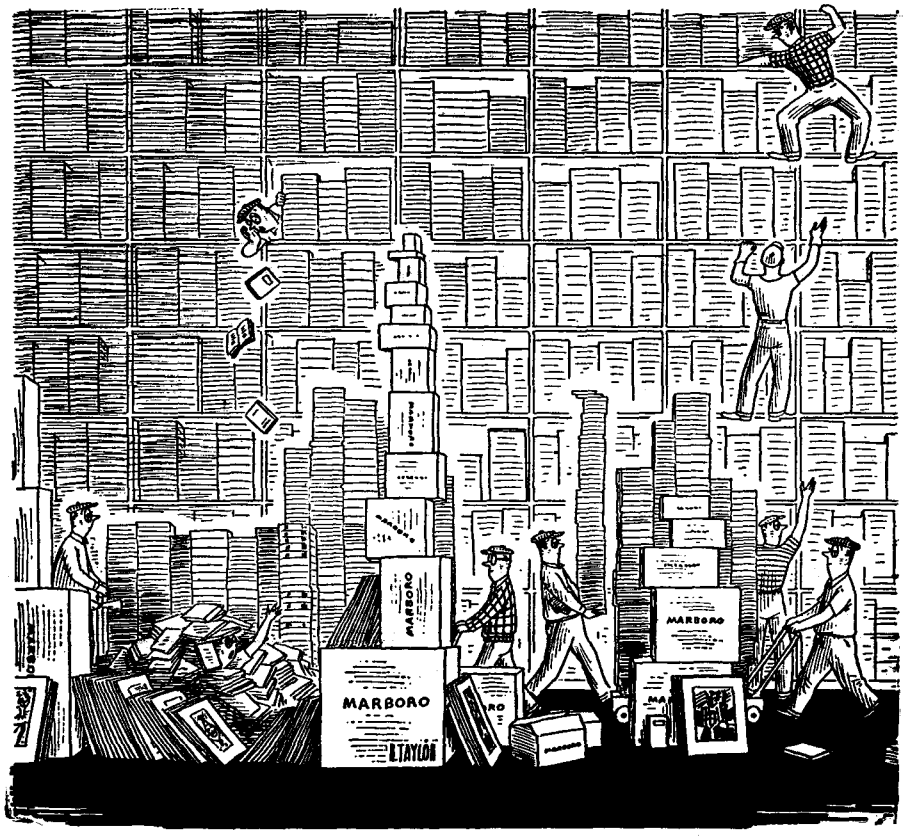

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A4. VLAMINCK. *Village Landscape.* Painted during his Post-Fauve period, with powerful browns, blues and russet tones applied in the bold, sweeping design characteristic of this great artist. 19″ high x 24″ wide.

A5. CEZANNE. *Basket of Fruit.* A magnificent example of great art encompassing the most commonplace of subjects. Rich wine, gold and blue tones predominate. 17½″ high by 22″ wide.

A6. VAN GOGH. *Vase with Flowers.* Acclaimed as one of the most serene and lyrical of Van Gogh's paintings. The brilliant golds and reds of the flowers are in bold contrast with a mottled blue background. 24″ high by 20″ wide.

A7. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. *Girl Pulling on Stocking.* Lautrec's richly varied palette reveals his sympathy for the dwellers of the music halls, bordellos, and the cafes of Montmartre. 24″ high x 19″ wide.

A8. RENOIR. *Girls at the Piano.* Renoir loved to paint just such warmly human scenes as these. This magnificent example of Impressionist art offers a harmonious blend of many tones with reds, greens and gold predominating. 23″ high by 18″ wide.

A9. MODIGLIANI. *The Seated Nude.* Reproduced in this large size for the first time anywhere. The warm flesh tones, the rich russet background, the classical mastery of form, are illustrative of Modigliani's late and most widely acclaimed period. 24¾″ high x 16″ wide.

A10. ROUAULT. *Head of a Young Boy.* Glowing flesh tones, reminiscent of his stained glass technique, set against a sombre blue-green background. This cherished masterpiece now reproduced for the first time in America. 24″ high by 19″ wide.

A11. UTRILLO. *Street in Paris.* The unusual perspective of this characteristic Montmartre street scene has made it one of Utrillo's most celebrated paintings. The neutral tones of the buildings stand out in stark contrast to the bright blue sky. 25″ high by 18½″ wide.

A12. MONET. *Boats on the Beach.* Picturesque fishing boats blend with the blues of water and sky to produce a color harmony that only this master of Impressionism could create so well. 19″ high by 24″ wide.

A13. MATISSE. *Odalisque.* Noted for its bold use of fiery reds and deep blues, this painting is treasured as one of the most notable works by Matisse. 17″ high by 24″ wide.

A14. DUFY. *Sea at Le Havre.* Here are the subtle tones, the delicate air, the blending of azure sky and sea that have made Raoul Dufy's work so popular throughout the world. 18″ high by 22″ wide.

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ahead of their time. The condemnations of Beria were shamefacedly laconic, and the propagandists seemed only too anxious to have done with them.

That Same Old Black Magic?

What, then, was the meaning of the Beria trial, and what is likely to be its effect? Nothing would be easier than to answer that the trial was an incident in a personal power struggle, in which, like Stalin before him, Malenkov or Khrushchev is attempting gradually to eliminate all his rivals. This goes without saying, and it does not go very far. Beria's trial demonstrated that although Stalin's successors might in their competition for power be trying to apply all the witchcraft the master taught them, it has so far proved to be beyond their ability.

This is not to say that the Beria trial failed to impress the Soviet mind and imagination. On the contrary, its impact was probably quite strong; but it was so only to the extent to which the trial was unlike the old Stalinist routines. To the popular imagination two figures stood out as the protagonists: Konev and Beria. And to the popular understanding the trial must have looked like a duel between army and political police; it was the army rather than the Presidium or the Secretariat of the party that played the role of dragon slayer.

The leadership of the political police took part in the trial for the purpose of avenging itself on its former chief, who had "betrayed" and humiliated it. It destroyed the ex-chief, but did not regain much of its former power and status. It was outdone and once again humiliated, this time by the army. After so many demotions and purges, after so many plots and counterplots, and finally after seven of their ex-chiefs have been sentenced and shot within one afternoon, the political police no longer retain their old, infallible striking power. Their organization is now the army's humble subordinate.

But is not the party also at the army's mercy?

Malenkov, Khrushchev, and Molotov could hardly have wished to bring about such a state of affairs. Yet, engrossed in their personal rivalry, they may have let loose forces stronger than themselves. Immediately after Stalin's death, Beria weakened, almost crippled, the secret police. Striving to eliminate him, his rivals went on tearing it to pieces. Much as they may need the secret police for their survival, it is as its tamers that they are still courting popularity. During Beria's trial *Pravda* intimated, in that Aesopian language which Soviet citizens understand so well, that the present party leaders had already succeeded where Stalin had always failed, namely in bringing arbitrary police rule to an end. This is perhaps the most characteristic feature of the current reaction against Stalinism—the true sign of the times—that every

leader of a group or faction, every pretender to power, must now, even despite himself, pose as a "liberalizer."

There are further indications of the extent to which Stalin's successors act under this compulsion: The verdict on Beria has by implication renewed the charges against the Kremlin doctors whom Beria had rehabilitated. By implication the verdict rehabilitates also Riumin and the other officials of State Security whom Beria arrested for concocting the doctors' plot. It is on the court record that after Stalin's death Beria "shielded and protected foreign spies" and "persecuted honest officials of the Ministry of Internal Affairs who had refused to carry out his criminal instructions." Curiously enough, the names of those "honest officials" are not mentioned; but it is a safe bet that Riumin is the most important among them. The court record explains why Riumin was demoted last April: He refused to carry out Beria's instructions "designed to shield foreign spies and terrorists." We also know who those spies and terrorists were: the "white-coated assassins"—the Kremlin doctors.

All this has been quite distinctly implied in the verdict on Beria, in the prosecutor's statements, and in Soviet press comment. Yet so far nobody has gone beyond hint and allusion. The Kremlin doctors have not yet been dragged back to the dock. Their prosecutors have not yet been openly rehabilitated. This may still happen; the wonder is that it has not happened yet.

The Doctors: Back in the Dock?

The political police chiefs must have demanded full rehabilitation for Riumin and his associates, a step that would inevitably lead to the reindictment of the Kremlin doctors. But so far the army leaders and the party stalwarts alike have seemed reluctant to take this step. They know that the damage Beria inflicted on the political police is up to a point irretrievable. If the people were to be told that the doctors were guilty after all, this would too plainly look like a whitewashing job. Malenkov, Molotov, and Khrushchev endorsed Beria's disclosures about the doctors when he made them. If they were now to allow Riumin's rehabilitation, they would thereby begin writing their own indictments. The only prudent course for the party, then, is to keep the political police in their place and keep them quiet.

Malenkov, Molotov, and Khrushchev must put up with the new prominence of the army leaders, because they could not have risked a fight against Beria without the army's assured backing. But the old party secretaries cannot relish their dependence on the marshals. To reestablish political balance they must try to keep the marshals, too, in their place. If the marshals resist, a head-on collision is inevitable. The question is whether this collision will develop before the rivalry between the party leaders has been resolved and before the new Leader has emerged.

Stalin himself was never placed in such a quandary. In the days of his rise to power the army was never quite so prominent. When he risked the conflict with Tukhachevsky he already held all the machinery of government and all the levers of power in his exclusive and effective

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control. Malenkov, Khrushchev, and Molotov would have to shelve their own differences and actually exercise "collective leadership" in order to hold their ground jointly vis-à-vis the army. If they fail to do so, and if they try to preserve the party's corporate predominance vis-à-vis the army and at the same time give free rein to their competition for autocratic party leadership, then the outcome of this double contest cannot be seriously in doubt. A deep cleavage in a leadership not based on a democratic rank and file is a standing invitation to the army to step in and "safeguard law and order."

Thus Beria's trial has offered a glimpse of the rivalries among his victorious enemies. Hence the caution, the speed, and the secrecy with which the trial was conducted. The public was given to understand that once this purge was over, no repetition of the insanities of the Stalin era was intended. In the 1930's each trial foreshadowed its sequel. Each batch of defendants forged in the dock a heavy chain of confession and accusation to drag in the next batch. The conduct of the Beria trial was calculated on the contrary to reassure the people that this was a one-night stand, not the opening of a long run. When Beria and his associates faced the firing squad there was not a hint that other accomplices were still to be rounded up.

YET it would be very surprising if this were indeed the end of the story. The post-Stalin era is only at its beginning. After a brief quasi-liberal spell Stalin's successors have already tried to conjure up the spirit of the Stalin era, but they have already half-demonstrated the impossibility of this task.

Let me recapitulate the main points about the Beria trial:

¶ The army dominated the scene.

¶ Only members of the secret police sat in the dock.

¶ The language of the accusations and the "popular anger" were only feeble echoes of the great purge trials of the 1930's.

¶ The doors to the courtroom were sealed.

¶ The world has heard no confessions.

Who can maintain that this was "only the same old show?"

International Private Eye: Adventures of Colonel Amoss

SPENCER KLAW

THE PRINCIPLE of free enterprise has few stancher exponents than Ulius Louis Amoss, a fifty-eight-year-old retired Air Force colonel who has been described by an impressionable reporter as "one of the greatest spies in history." Unlike most spies, who have to settle for government jobs, Amoss is in business for himself. As director of what he calls "a private, world wide intelligence service," he considers himself in direct competition with all the intelligence services of the United States government, and notably with the Central Intelligence Agency.

Like the CIA, Amoss has, or claims to have, at his disposal a far-flung network of secret agents, some of them in the Soviet Union itself, who flash him reports on what is going on everywhere in the world. He is not impressed by the argument that collecting secret foreign intelligence, like delivering the mail, is properly a government function. Amoss's position is that Americans are entitled to more inside dope on world affairs than they are getting from their government, and that the CIA is either incompetent or is selfishly holding out on the taxpayers. "On January 2, 1953, I stated in writing that Stalin was through and that the Red Army

had taken control," Amoss recently told a reporter from the Washington *Post*. "The people of the United States didn't hear that from the CIA. They had to wait until March when Moscow itself announced it and said that Amoss was right."

Amoss's loyal clients include a thousand or so subscribers who pay $25 a year for the newsletters and printed reports that are published under the auspices of an outfit called the International Services of Information Foundation Incorporated, or I.S.I. They also include—or did two or three years ago—a group of generals who wrote glowing testimonials about his work, one of them noting that he had made Amoss's intelligence reports required reading for his senior staff officers. Lately, moreover, Amoss has been getting some gratifying publicity, most of it featuring his personal adventures as a sort of one-man co-belligerent of the United States in the cold war with the Soviet Union.

Sonny Boy, Where Are You?

Last summer Amoss announced his determination to rescue General Vassily Stalin, son of the late Soviet dictator, from the clutches of the MVD and deliver him into western

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hands. A few months earlier he had claimed credit for the kidnaping of a Soviet-built Mig fighter from Poland, a project in which he had persuaded a group of Maryland businessmen, including former Governor Preston Lane, to invest $7,500 as a contribution to national security. A Mig did indeed land in Denmark last March, but the pilot obstinately refused to corroborate Amoss's claim. He denied that he had ever spoken with or even heard of Amoss or any of his agents.

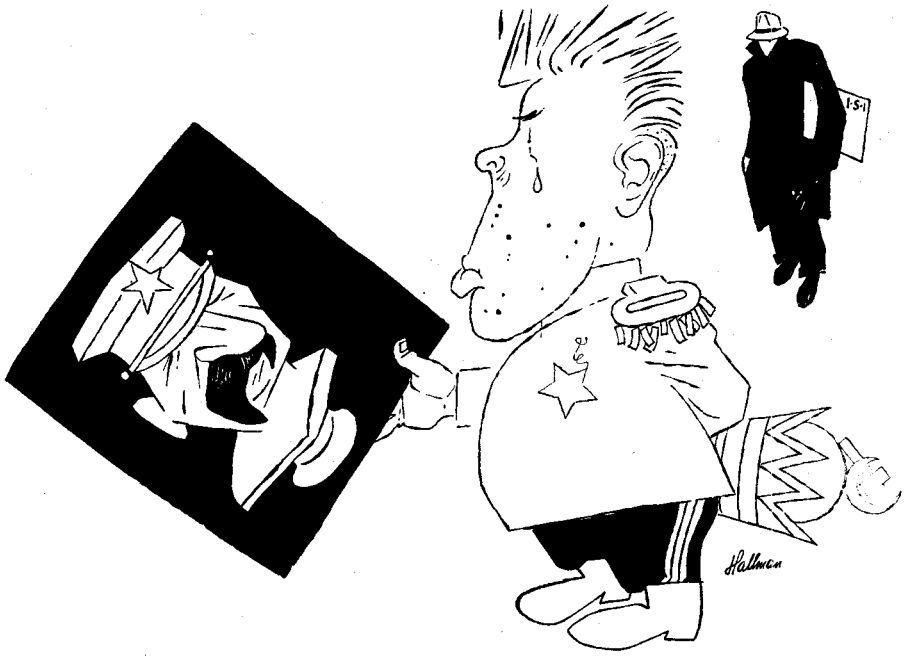
Colonel Amoss has since hinted that while the pilot may not have known he was being helped to escape, he was being helped all the same. Apparently this explanation was good enough for Clendenin J. Ryan, an enterprising millionaire before whom Amoss laid his scheme for kidnaping young Stalin. Ryan, whose other political interests have included running for both Mayor of New York and Governor of New Jersey, gave Amoss his blessing and $50,000.

'I Thought I Heard a Shot'

In a recent issue of the *American Weekly*, the Hearst chain's Sunday supplement, Amoss has described what happened next. His account, though a bit sketchy, is dramatic. According to Amoss, he went to Munich and opened negotiations with a crew of sinister individuals who said they could deliver Sonny Boy, the code name that was used for young Stalin. One member of the gang, a glamorous redhead named Lilli, urged Amoss to go to a certain point on the Czech-German border for a rendezvous with a dissident Soviet colonel who was actually running the show. Amoss was on the point of complying when, by the greatest good fortune, one of his own agents warned him off.

"What I suspect now," Amoss quotes the agent as saying, "is that the supposed renegade officers were really Russian secret police. They planned to shoot Vassily at the border and grab you. Then they'd brain-wash you and make you confess to God knows what kind of a conspiracy to get Vassily out of the country. I don't think it's even safe to go back to the hotel.

"Either he was right or somebody was trying to scare us," Amoss's narrative continues. "Five minutes after we took a cab for the airport, I thought I heard a shot behind us. Then a car raced abreast of us and there was another shot. The driver slammed on his brakes. We jumped out and ran. A block away we took a cab to the railway station. We walked through the station and taxied to the airport. In half an hour we were in the air."



THIS INCIDENT is a favorite of Amoss's, although usually when he tells it—as he did recently to a reporter from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*—he places it in Düsseldorf rather than Munich. This confusion may stem from the fact that Amoss had a very full schedule last summer. Besides trying to kidnap Sonny Boy, he was also carrying on negotiations with a man who said he represented Lavrenti P. Beria.

Beria or his intermediaries seem to have had negotiations with lots of people last summer and fall, some of whom have even more dramatic stories to tell than Amoss.

In late September, for instance, a San Diego newspaperman named Gene Fuson, carrying documents signed by Senator McCarthy, flew to Spain on a tip that Beria was there and wanted to surrender to the junior Senator from Wisconsin. Fuson never caught up with Beria, but a Nicaraguan coffee planter named Fabio Gallo swore that *he* had seen Beria in Gibraltar, sitting in the back seat of a black Austin. Gallo reported that Beria was fat and very sunburned.

While Fuson was hunting for Beria in Spain, a former Soviet diplomat named Gregori Bessedovsky, who had been vacationing on the French Riviera, was offered a chance to meet Beria face to face. On instructions from an intermediary, Bessedovsky has related, he rented a motorboat and put out to sea for a rendezvous with Beria approximately three miles off the French coast at a point near the Italian border. As he approached the appointed spot, he saw a lifeboat being lowered from a handsome yacht that had just anchored a mile or two away. In the boat, when it reached him, Bessedovsky found a man who looked like Beria, claimed to be Beria, and wanted Bessedovsky to certify in writing that he was indeed Beria. Bessedovsky refused; he thought the man's accent didn't ring true. "Between us, as man to man, I do not believe you are Beria," Bessedovsky says he told the alleged Beria. They parted coldly.

AMOSS'S NEGOTIATIONS were conducted on dry land, in Germany, and he never met anyone who looked at all like Beria. He was approached, he says, by a man who represented himself as a major in the Soviet security police, and who produced credentials apparently signed by Beria.

The major said that Beria was in hiding and asked Amoss if he could

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guarantee Beria asylum in the West. As evidence of his good faith, he turned over certain documents that Amoss at first described as "critically important original papers." A couple of months later, though, he said there was "considerable doubt" that the documents were genuine Soviet espionage and sabotage plans. Possibly, he said, they were just old training manuals from a Soviet sabotage school.

Despite this disappointment, and despite the official announcement on December 23 that Beria had been tried and executed for his crimes, Amoss still thinks Beria is probably in hiding somewhere on this side of the Iron Curtain. Amoss recently told a reporter that he has continued to receive messages urging him to travel to an undisclosed destination for a meeting with another set of go-betweens for Beria, and possibly with Beria himself. "This might be a ruse, or it might be the real McCoy," he said with the air of a man determined not to be bitten in the same place twice. "I've got a bunch of people checking up, and until I get some confirmation I'm just sitting tight."

Third Men and Fifth Wheels

Between trips abroad, Amoss runs his spy ring from Maryland. His headquarters is an eleven-room house on Gibson Island, a privately owned resort in Chesapeake Bay about midway between Annapolis and Baltimore. The walls of his study, where he receives visitors, are hung with autographed pictures of high-ranking American military men and with framed citations from foreign governments. The governments include Greece, France, Belgium, Great Britain, Poland, Luxembourg, representatives of Czarist Russia, and Ethiopia, which has honored him with the Grand Plaque of the Order of the Queen of Sheba. Amoss himself, a well set-up, husky man with thinning hair who dresses conservatively and generally impresses people with his air of authority and sincerity, is modest about this imposing collection. "You live long enough and you accumulate these things," he told a recent visitor.

According to *The International Who's Who,* to which he customarily refers interviewers who want biographical data, Amoss was born in 1895, attended the Maryland Institute of Fine Arts, and, during the First World War, signed up for a hitch with the Y.M.C.A. He served with the 79th Division and later went to Greece, where he doubled as a special adviser to the Greek general staff during the Greco-Turkish war. After returning to the United States he went into the export business. In 1941 he joined the Office of Strategic Services, serving as chief of the Eastern European Division and on special duty in the Middle East until 1943, when he was shifted to the 9th Air Force in England as deputy chief of staff.

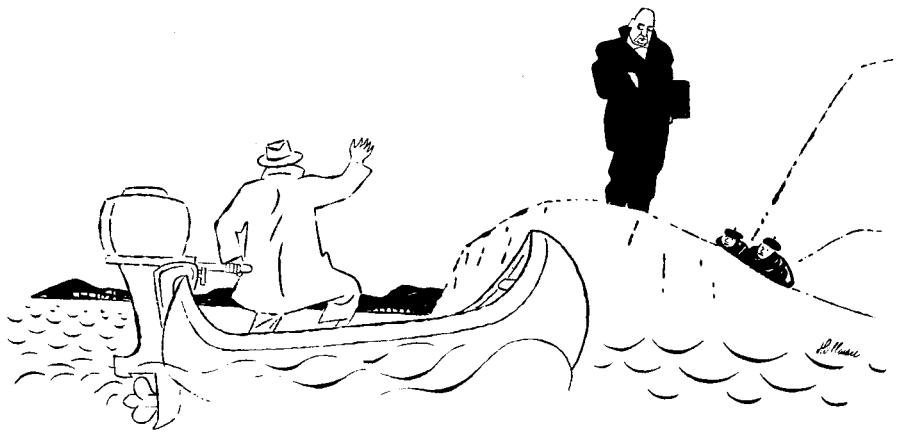
In 1946 Amoss was placed on the inactive list of the Air Force Reserve as a colonel, a title he still uses. Having just married a former British intelligence agent named Veronica Grogan, Amoss decided to make the fullest use of his own and his wife's wartime experience by going into the intelligence game. He lined up some part-time secret agents and, with the help of his wife, began publishing the letters and reports he has been turning out ever since.

Three years ago Amoss reorganized his affairs and set up International Services of Information as a nonprofit foundation (cable address: INFORM, Baltimore). Its trustees include Henry C. Evans, a prominent Baltimore investment banker, and Thomas B. Catron II, a retired general who once edited the *Infantry Journal.* The foundation's publications, according to Amoss, are based on information supplied by hundreds of subagents whose reports are collected and analyzed by a dozen or so "top-flight intelligence executives overseas, each world famous in his own right."

Amoss himself is editor in chief and director of I.S.I. field operations, which include special projects like the attempt to kidnap Vassily Stalin that cost Ryan $50,000. ("You've got to understand about Clendenin Ryan," a former employee of his has said. "He can afford this kind of thing for entertainment. It was worth fifty thousand bucks to Clen to go over to Europe last summer and play Harry Lime while Amoss and his boys whistled the Third Man Theme.") Amoss himself, who is, of course, vouched for by the trustees of his foundation, invariably points out to interviewers that he doesn't make a cent out of I.S.I.'s operations, field or otherwise.

'I Am a Virtual Prisoner'

Although newspaper stories about Amoss have generally featured his field operations, Amoss sometimes plays down their significance. "Dramatic as these operations are," he recently wrote a prospective financial backer to whom earlier in his letter he had hinted of plans to "bring out a Soviet tank still on the Russian secret list," "the day to day plodding collection of information on the Soviet intent and its capabilities is of more far-reaching importance."



If Amoss was referring to his work as I.S.I.'s editor in chief, he was being excessively modest. There is nothing plodding about either his methods of gathering intelligence or his prose style, which combines the breathless pace of Willard Monroe Kiplinger, the Washington newsletter man, and the ominous undercurrents of E. Phillips Oppenheim. This

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heady blend permits Amoss to satisfy the reader's craving for inside dope and at the same time to provide vicarious excitement for people who have been conditioned to think of international relations almost exclusively in terms of stolen documents and high-level desertions.

Amoss's mimeographed newsletters, which are mailed out at irregular intervals in envelopes stamped "Confidential," are often enlivened by first-person accounts of the exciting life of a secret agent. Last summer's shooting affray, for example, was reported to subscribers in a letter beginning: "I left Dusseldorf amid blazing guns . . . bringing with me critically important original papers . . ." A month earlier, in a "Special Personal Letter" dated 5 July 1953 (Amoss favors the military style of dating letters) and bearing the notation "By courier from Munich," Amoss wrote: *"I am a virtual prisoner in a Munich hotel.* I am not sure that the care 'they' take of me is due to consideration for my safety —or theirs . . . 'They' won't permit me to go out without protection—and never at night . . ." Amoss neglected to explain to his readers who "they" were or why he didn't telephone the nearest U.S. Army installation and ask to be sprung from his hotel prison, but went on to report a friendly warning he had been given in Paris: "You have become the subject of much interest from the Soviet counter-intelligence organization. They may not want to kill you just now, but it is a certainty that they will try to 'plant' information on you."

During the relatively quiet months that he spends at Gibson Island, Amoss often quotes directly from reports sent him by his foreign agents, most of whom happen to write a good deal like their editor in chief. This practice lends a note of drama and urgency to I.S.I.'s publications that might otherwise be lacking. "Queen Elizabeth II faces labor disorders; possibly treason," Amoss informed his subscribers in a March, 1952, bulletin headed "Urgent Letter for Your Personal Attention Only." "A red aura hangs over the Mountbattens . . . Outer fringes of Royalty are red-tinged . . . BRITISH CRYPTO-COMMUNISTS HAVE RECEIVED MOSCOW ORDERS TO STAGE A GENERAL STRIKE BEFORE THE END OF SUMMER, 1952 . . . These excerpts from I.S.I.'s confidential reports are worrying, but I.S.I. editors believe Britain will work her way out of this dangerous situation."

This last sentence is typical of the cold water which Amoss, a consummate hedger, usually throws on his most sensational disclosures. The qualifications are sometimes printed in rather small type, though, and may have been overlooked by a CIA spokesman who said recently: "I can't think of a single time when Amoss was right." The CIA official apparently also overlooked the fact that a man who makes as many startling revelations as Amoss does can't possibly be wrong all the time.

Thus Amoss's announcement dated 21 January 1953 that "STALIN—as has been falsely claimed for so long—IS COMING APART" turned out to be true, though many of his other dope stories on the Soviet hierarchy did not. In March, 1952, for instance, Amoss wrote: "Joseph Stalin is to retire . . . in favor of V. Molotov." And a year later, on March 4, the day Moscow announced that Stalin had suffered a stroke, he predicted, among other things, that "the Jewish purge-cum-pogrom will flare into yet uglier phases" and gave it as his opinion that Malenkov, Molotov, and Beria were all out of the running in the race for Stalin's job. (Amoss was betting on a military man.) "Meanwhile," he added, "don't believe anything you read about Soviet Russia as sure."

Occasionally Amoss is swept right off his feet by his agents' reports and forgets to hedge. Last summer, for example, just after his return to the United States, he put out a special bulletin quoting in full, without qualification, a cable from Aachen, Germany, It was signed "Janisi," presumably one of I.S.I.'s top-flight intelligence executives, and ended: "MALENKOV HYDROGEN-BOMB CLAIM IS WITLESS HYSTERICAL PROPAGANDA. AMERICA EXPLODES, THEN TALKS. MALENKOV TALKS, DOESN'T EXPLODE." The cable was dated 11 August, three days after Malenkov's announcement that the United States no longer had a monopoly on the hydrogen bomb, and just one day before the Russians are known to have set off their first nuclear fusion explosion, as was confirmed on August 19 by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

One Buddy to Another

Although their entertainment value is indisputable, I.S.I.'s bulletins

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would not seem to be absolutely vital to men whose jobs require that they keep well informed on world affairs. Amoss prizes such readers, however, and in approaching likely financial contributors to his foundation he is able to produce a number of impressive testimonials from high-ranking generals.

Most of them were written in April and May, 1951. They include letters from Lieutenant General E. E. Partridge, then commanding the Fifth Air Force ("I read your publication and find it basically sound, broad in scope and prepared in such a concise manner that its salient points stick in my mind"); Lieutenant General O. P. Weyland, then deputy commanding general of the Tactical Air Command at Langley Field ("I have found your reports and analyses of world conditions most valuable"); and Major General Ralph F. Stearley, then commanding the Twentieth Air Force ("I require my senior staff officers to read the reports and then they are sent to the A-2 section"). Major General L. L. Lemnitzer, commanding the 11th Airborne Division at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, while pointing out that his budget didn't allow for a subscription to I.S.I.'s publications, warmly praised their "constructive and authoritative overtones." The most enthusiastic endorsement came from Major General Earl S. Hoag, then on duty in the Pentagon with the Air Force as special assistant to the Chief of Staff for Reserve Forces. "Believe me," he wrote, "a publication such as yours is truly a godsend."

Possibly the most charitable interpretation of these extraordinary letters is that their authors hadn't been reading I.S.I.'s reports carefully. Another explanation may be that the writers were carried away by an understandable desire to put in a good word for a former service buddy now trying to make good in civilian life. If any of them are actually reading Amoss's stuff, however, they would do well to heed a gentle warning contained in an I.S.I. report issued in January, 1951. "In this digest of I.S.I. field reports," Amoss noted, "it should be borne in mind that the conclusions we draw are not necessarily conclusive . . ."

Presidential Papers And How They Grew

DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

From Washington's time to the present, most of our outgoing Presidents have bundled up their files and taken them home. For those Presidents who have died in office, executors or families have performed the same service. There is a democratic simplicity about this practice that has much to recommend it. A man's papers are his own property and responsibility, whether he is an ordinary citizen or the Chief Executive.

But while this responsibility was a fairly easy one for our earlier Presidents to bear, it has become increasingly difficult in recent years. Washington's papers, for the period of his whole life, filled some two hundred folio volumes. Lincoln's, when they were opened on July 26, 1947, were found to consist of about the same number.

But with the invention of the typewriter a flood of paper attended the growth and spread of the functions of the President. Franklin D. Roosevelt left behind the greatest collection ever amassed. His papers in the Hyde Park Library fill 4,400 cubic feet, or about 550 four-drawer filing cases. The papers of his successor accumulated at an even more rapid rate. For a little less than eight years, as against Roosevelt's twelve, they total four hundred four-drawer filing cases. One day in December, 1952, President Truman confessed to his staff that he had been unable to sleep the night before because of worry about how to store his papers pending the construction of a permanent library. In all my experience with him, few official problems, grave as they were, had given him as much concern.

The proper disposition of Presidential papers is a justifiable cause for worry. In the first place, these papers constitute the one and only definite record of a Presidential career, and ought to be preserved in their entirety. In the second place, they include many letters written in confidence to the President, which may contain material injurious to the reputation of innocent third persons if they are left behind to fall into the hands of unscrupulous gossip mongers. This was Robert Todd Lincoln's principal reason for keeping his father's papers so long under seal. In the third place, they are worth a lot of money. Papers or letters in the President's hand—any President's—have a regular market value. Impecunious heirs, therefore, are tempted to sell Presidential collections piecemeal. If they don't they may find the inheritance tax on the assessed value of the collection eating up the rest of the estate.

Except for the "housekeeping" files of the White House and the White House Office, which are always left behind when the Administration changes, the papers of a President are not essential records of government. Everything the President does as an official act is recorded in some department or agency outside the White House. What is left that is unique, and not filed in duplicate elsewhere, is the business of the President, but not the continuing business of the government.

William Howard Taft wrote: "The office of the President is not a recording office. The vast amount of correspondence that goes through it, signed either by the President or his secretaries, does not become the property or a record of the government unless it goes on to official files of the Department to which it may

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be addressed. The President takes with him all of the correspondence, original and copies, carried on during his administration."

This illuminating principle has been overlooked in the controversies of recent years. In the Eightieth Congress the Committee to Investigate Pearl Harbor, led by Senator Homer Ferguson, made an effort to browse through the files of the late President Roosevelt, which at that time were in the hands of his executors. In this attempt, Senator Ferguson sought to draw a line between "public" and "private" papers, asserting that the former, though in the possession of the President at his death, really belonged to the government and should not be removed from public custody. He called before the Committee Basil O'Connor, counsel for the executors, and asked him his views on this distinction between the two kinds of Presidential papers. Mr. O'Connor astounded his questioner by replying that on that subject he held no opinion.

The response was not only disarming in its modesty but impressive in its wisdom. In the long run, nothing could be more frustrating or fruitless than attempting to classify Presidential papers into two such categories. Senator Ferguson's proposal, however, has a strong appeal for those who favor any device that may result in the preservation of historical evidence. In an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1947, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., of Harvard wrote approvingly and wistfully of "setting up official filing systems so that the records of the office go into one file and the personal papers into another. . . ."

This is a vain goal—at least from the point of view of the working staff in the White House. The life of a President is one in which the private and the public, the personal and the impersonal, are hopelessly interwoven every hour of the day, and the papers of a President reflect this condition. During the Truman Administration we had an intra-office hassle in the White House over the question of separating the President's papers into "official" and "private" categories. We even called in a filing expert to make a study of the problem. The conclusion was that it could not be done.

The one previous attempt to separate the papers of a President into private and public categories had disastrous results.

These were the papers of Thomas Jefferson, originally one of the neat-

Illustrations from the Bettmann Archive

Jefferson

est, most carefully arranged, and most complete collections of Presidential papers of which there is any record. Jefferson died in 1826, leaving all his papers to his grandson, Jefferson Randolph, who twenty years later offered them for sale to the government. Congress adopted a resolution authorizing the purchase, for $20,000, of the Jefferson papers "of a public nature." Of course it had never occurred to Jefferson to make such a distinction.

Nevertheless, the division was carried out, apparently by the Librarian of Congress, over a period of twenty years. Finally, in 1870, fully half of Jefferson's papers were returned to Jefferson's great-granddaughters as falling in the "private" category. The great-granddaughters gave them to their heirs or sold them to collectors, who in turn sold or gave them to others, and thus Jefferson's great and orderly collection was dispersed across the country.

ONE OF THE principal divisions in any Presidential collection consists of letters to the President, which offhand it would seem silly to keep *in toto*. When the Lincoln collection was opened to the public after more than eighty-two years, it was found, rather to the dismay of many, to consist largely of letters to Lincoln from other people. Yet these letters subsequently proved a gold mine to the historian. Here one can find political letters, letters asking for jobs, clothes, money, or permission to give new babies the Lincoln name, letters pleading with him and letters insulting him, letters full of good advice and letters full of scandal. These scraps of paper re-create for us a nation torn by strife, and the hate and love, hope and fear its people had for the man who stood firm at the center of the storm. Worthless and burdensome as these papers must have seemed in 1865, they are today a treasure beyond price.

Mr. Truman's Marginalia

Other documents in the Presidential files are equally revealing. Historians of the F.D.R. period find his referral slips and his little memoranda to his staff among the most enlightening scraps of history. The same will be true of the Truman files when they are opened to scholars. President Truman, contrary to some popular misconceptions, is one of the most considerate and even-tempered of men, but he has a singularly vigorous and concrete manner of expression, and some of his memos, particularly those in which he took issue with the documents he was reading, are pretty colorful.

One of the staff once submitted to him a long memorandum by an expert on resources policy in Alaska. It came back pungently annotated. The expert author had reviewed the bad effects of the unrestrained exploitation of natural resources generally, and reached the conclusion that any hopes of improving the lot of native peoples in such areas have been shown by history to be futile dreams.

"Have they?" the President scribbled on the margin at this point. "We are starting a new 'Era.' Point 4, the Philippines, Japan, Germany, ECA. Wake up and take a look."

The author continued sadly that we have only to look at Puerto Rico to see our failures.

"We have only to look at Puerto Rico," the President annotated, "to learn a lesson in what to do to keep people happy. We gave them self-government, we are setting up industries, schools, sanitary districts.

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housing, etc. This 1930 guy should study 1951!"

A little further on, the unfortunate author, now badly battered in the Presidential esteem, suggested that the government should decide "region by region and district by district what the greatest capability and optimum use of the land and resources are" in Alaska, and take steps to assure such use. This bureaucratic lingo provoked a tart comment in the President's hand: "I'm not so sure. Depends altogether on the horse sense of the administrators. Most of the long hairs have no sense —horse or otherwise. Common sense is usually considered a commodity of 'common people' and not for administrators."

Here on two pages, unconsciously expressed, is Mr. Truman the practical progressive, the man who can dream dreams of a better world and has confidence in the people to carry them out.

And as this example suggests, the Presidential files reveal better than any purely official source the President in action.

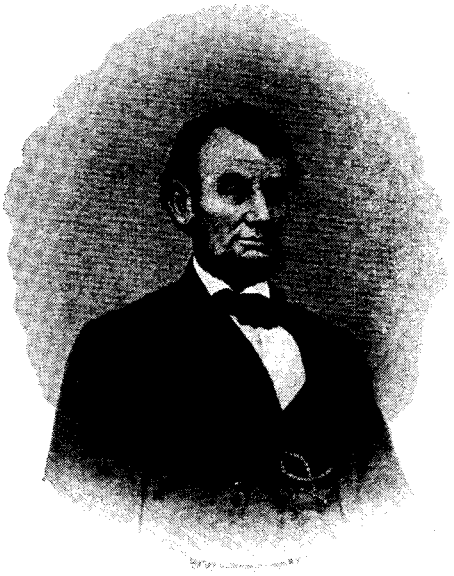
Government Purchases

Public concern for the preservation of such historic documents manifested itself in the early days of the Republic. It has, however, been a fluctuating affair. Most of the Founding Fathers took themselves pretty seriously and preserved their papers with an eye to posterity. In this respect at least, posterity did not disappoint their expectations. George Washington's papers were purchased by Congress in 1838, at the insistence of Secretary of State John Forsyth, who found that the historical records in his care (the State Department in those days had charge of the National Archives) were notably deficient for the period of the Revolution.

After the Washington purchase, the way was open for other Presidential heirs to sell to the government. Dolly Madison came next. She needed money to meet the debts of her son, President Madison's stepson, a ne'er-do-well alcoholic with expensive tastes, and to fill this need she sold her papers to Congress in installments. With sympathy and firmness, the Congress directed that the last payment to her should be in trust for her benefit, so that the profligate son would not be able to touch the capital. In the midst of his mother's negotiations with the government, however, the reprobate managed to filch about a thousand documents from the Madison files and sell them to a private collector. Aside from these purloined papers, the government got all the Madison files for $45,000.

By 1849, the papers of four of the first six Presidents had come into government custody in whole or in part. Only the papers of the two Adamses escaped. The Adams family kept their Presidential papers, along with the papers of their other distinguished members, in Massachusetts, where they remain to this day, under the terms of a family trust.

In 1903, the Library of Congress took over as the collector and repository of Presidential files. By now it has substantial collections of the papers of sixteen Presidents, with some fragmentary remains from several others, a treasure chest of American history all stored in the Library Annex in Washington.



Lincoln

President Hoover deserted the tradition of placing Presidential papers there, choosing as his repository the Hoover Library on War, Revolution and Peace, at Stanford University, Palo Alto, California. His papers are thus in a private institution, like the papers of Hayes, Fillmore, and Buchanan. They do not belong to the nation, but they are safe and in good hands, and they have been available to the ex-President for his own use, and to such scholars and historians as he has authorized to work on them.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt, like President Hoover, saw the value of keeping all his papers in one place and having that place accessible to himself, but he departed from the Hoover precedent in a number of significant aspects. He thought his collection should go to the government, and he placed it under the primary responsibility of the Archivist of the United States. But he realized that a simple gift to the Archives would not result in keeping his collection separate and intact, or in its being located near his home, or in its growth through the accretion of other papers of the period. He therefore proposed, on December 10, 1938: ". . . the erection of a separate, modern, fireproof building to be built near my family's house at Hyde Park, so designed that it would hold all of my own collections and also such other source material relating to this period in our history as might be donated to the collection in the future by other members of the present Administration."

The building, a Dutch colonial affair of fieldstone, was erected at a cost of $350,000, donated by friends and admirers. After President Roosevelt's death it was turned over to the government along with the rest of his Hyde Park home. In 1939 he began to place his papers in the building, and to vest titles in them in the United States. After his death, his executors completed the transaction. Since that time, the papers of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Harry Hopkins, and others have also been placed in the building.

President Franklin Roosevelt's solution of the Presidential-papers problem is probably the best yet devised. It places the historical record under national ownership, and so frustrates the power of heirs or assigns to do harm; it meets the needs of scholars by making the papers available in an institution which specializes in the President and his period; and it is capable of serving the convenience of the ex-President himself.

When President Truman began to ponder this problem in the early days of his second term, he found the

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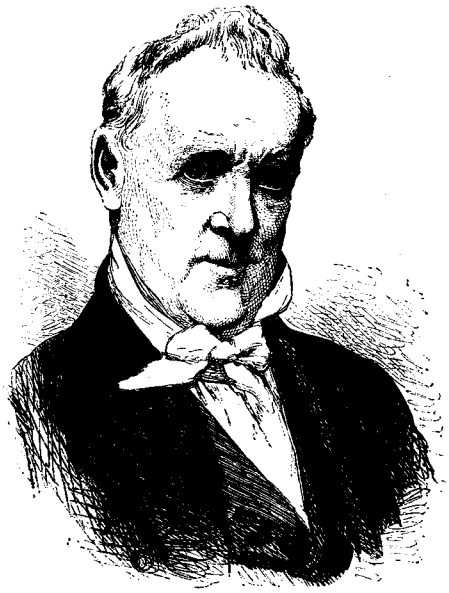
Hayes



Buchanan

Fillmore

Roosevelt precedent adapted to his own needs. Accordingly, he proposed the building of a similar repository on his farm at Grandview, Missouri, to be given, with his papers, into the custody of the National Archives.

Thereupon arose what might be called the decentralization controversy. Placing the Roosevelt papers at Hyde Park, which is after all not very far from Harvard or Yale or Columbia or even from Washington, aroused no great objection among the more vociferous scholars and historians, but placing the Truman papers at Grandview, Missouri, created some uneasiness. Where would all this end?

This agitation was not, however, shared by all the learned community. Scholars in the great and growing institutions of learning in the Midwest, for example, did not necessarily regard the location of the Truman papers at Grandview as a calamity. True, carfare would be more for graduate students from Northeastern universities, but it would be correspondingly less for graduate students from the six state universities and seventy-odd other institutions of higher learning in a three-hundred-mile radius around Grandview.

Former President Truman's plans for his papers constitute as good an argument as any for decentralization. He is keenly aware of the educational value of a collection such as his; and while he is deeply devoted to the Midwest region of the country, he feels that it suffers from a lack of background information about just those things that Presidential files are concerned with, such as the importance of the functions of the Federal government and the responsibilities of the nation in foreign and military affairs.

The ex-President has not overlooked the general public in his campaign to bring the problems of the nation home to his region. The library building, as he envisages it, will have ample exhibition space for displaying the assortment of historically valuable objects collected or received as gifts during his term of office. These will range from the jeweled swords of Ibn Saud to the bloodstained Communist battle flag captured at Pyongyang, from his huge collection of political cartoons to his pictorial display of Civil War generals. They will include the books of his library, and photographic portraits of most of the political and governmental leaders of recent years. In addition to these attractions, there is to be a small auditorium in the building, suitable for showing the historical films that deal with the period, and for lectures and other cultural occasions.

While the ex-President wants this building to stand on a tract which is now part of his family farm, and which he will give to the government, the Truman Library will really be more accessible to urban conveniences than the Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park. It will stand in the open country, but on the main north-south highway, and only five miles south of the city limits of Kansas City, Missouri, which even the most loyal Dutchess County man would have to admit is a far larger and more metropolitan center than Poughkeepsie. The town of Grandview, one mile south of the library site, should be able to provide accommodations for pilgrims or researchers who do not want to stay in the city.

Funds for the Truman Library are now being collected from the public by The Harry S. Truman Library, Inc., a corporation which plans to go out of existence just as soon as the building is completed and transferred, with the papers, to the government.

The Eisenhower Library

President Eisenhower's plans for the disposal of his Presidential papers have not yet been disclosed. If he decides to follow the procedures of his predecessors, he will be in a good position to do so. His friends and admirers are already in the process of erecting an Eisenhower Library at Abilene, Kansas, the cornerstone of which he helped lay in June, 1952. This library is designed to serve as a repository for his papers and memorabilia up to the beginnings of his political career. With some expansion, it could serve to house his Presidential papers as well. Then the Midwest would have two great historical collections only 125 miles apart.

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The Mysteries of Bataan

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Jr.

THE FALL OF THE PHILIPPINES, by Louis Morton. (United States Army in World War II: The War in the Pacific.) *U.S. Government Printing Office. $5.25.*

VERY LITTLE in the Second World War has remained more obscure and enigmatic than the campaign with which American participation in that war began—the campaign that ended in the fall of the Philippines. In part, no doubt, this is the result of a natural disinclination to dwell on defeat. Indeed, with the eventual capitulation of over 120,000 men, it was the largest single surrender in American history.

The circumstances of the campaign made documentation peculiarly difficult. While resistance continued, the only communication with the world outside was by radio. Defeat dispersed and destroyed most of the official records, especially on divisional and regimental levels. The officers and men who fought on Bataan and Corregidor vanished into the black silence of Japanese prison camps. Three years later, when the heroes of Bataan were free men again, memories of the catastrophe of 1942 were overwhelmed by the jubilation of victory in 1945. In the years since, there have been one or two bitter books by survivors and a throbbing undercurrent of rumor and accusation, but no systematic or considered accounting.

Now, at last, we have in Louis Morton's *The Fall of the Philippines* a full and dispassionate chronicle of what really happened on Luzon during those grim months from the knockout of the Air Force at Clark Field to the collapse of organized resistance on Bataan and the final capitulation at Corregidor. The United States Army's series on the Second World War has achieved an enviable level of cogency and objectivity in its earlier volumes. But few episodes could have been more perplexing and taxing to the conscientious military historian than this one.

More Vanishing History

Consider the difficulties that faced Dr. Morton. The sparseness of documentation left great gaps. To fill them in, Dr. Morton embarked on a large-scale program of interviews and letter writing. In one way or another, he tried to make contact with all the key commanders in the campaign. By this means he was able to uncover valuable new material that supplemented and corrected the inadequacies of the official record. At the same time, he made effective use of captured Japanese documents.

But the search for new materials could only be the beginning. Again and again, Dr. Morton found conflicts in testimony and memory. These confronted him with far more than the simple and relatively manageable conundrums that normally face any historian. For the recall of

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General MacArthur from the Far East in 1951 charged the Philippine campaign with tremendous political explosiveness. MacArthur had long been a problem so far as the Army's Office of Military History was concerned. Readers of *The Reporter* will remember the article by Jerome Forrest and Clarke H. Kawakami on "General MacArthur and His Vanishing War History" (October 14, 1952). This described the preparation in Tokyo, at the expense of the American taxpayer, of an elaborate history of MacArthur's war in the Pacific. It pointed out that this history and the materials on which it was based had not up to that time been made available to the Department of the Army. A copy of this work, which has proved to be of little value, has recently been turned over to the Army historians.

Dr. Morton ran squarely into this MacArthur policy in his attempt to reconstruct the Philippine story. In February, 1942, when High Commissioner Francis B. Sayre left Corregidor, he had taken a footlocker filled with MacArthur's personal and official papers. The footlocker, stored in a bank in Washington during the war, was later returned, by officer courier, to General MacArthur; it has remained in his possession. "Though its contents are not known," Dr. Morton writes, "there is reason to believe that the footlocker contains material of value on the early part of the campaign."

There was thus some ground for fear that General MacArthur would not approve of an account of the fall of the Philippines. For this reason, it is reliably reported, the Office of Military History, not being certain what effect a Republican victory might have on the independence of its historical work, rushed Dr. Morton's book to the press in the summer of 1952. It speaks favorably for the new régime in the Pentagon that the book has now been issued without apparent change.

WHAT do we learn from Dr. Morton's book? What effect will his findings have on the reputation of General MacArthur? It should be emphasized that *The Fall of the Philippines* is history and not polemics; that Dr. Morton was not interested in making out a case against

anyone; and that, if anything, he leans over backward in his treatment of the General. Yet this work, which will surely be the most authoritative account we shall have of the Philippine campaign, does cast significant and revealing light on questions that have long puzzled historians.

A Medical Defeat

Why did Bataan fall? Fundamentally, because of the weight of Japanese strength and the impossibility of American reinforcement. But why did it fall so quickly? It should not be forgotten that by February, 1942, the Japanese had been fought to a standstill; General Homma, the Japanese commander, later testified that if MacArthur had chosen that moment to launch a counterattack, he could have walked to Manila "without encountering much resistance on our part." Yet by April the American-Filipino forces were on the verge of total disintegration.

On the reasons for the speed of the collapse, Dr. Morton is unequivocal. It was, he writes, a "medical defeat." For three months, the American and Filipino troops had held off the Japanese, "only to be overwhelmed finally by disease and starvation." Three months of malnutrition, malaria, and intestinal infections had left our forces "totally incapable of the sustained physical effort necessary for a successful defense."

Why were our forces in such weakened physical condition? On this question, too, Dr. Morton is unequivocal. The reason for the medical defeat was the terrible shortage in supplies—food, clothing, and medical equipment. On January 5, a bare fortnight after the decision to withdraw to Bataan, all the troops had to be placed on half rations—two thousand calories per man per day.

By March the daily ration was down to one thousand calories. Front-line soldiers were averaging seventeen ounces of food a day, with practically no coffee or tobacco. "So serious was the shortage of food after the first few weeks on Bataan," Morton writes, "that the search for food

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assumed more importance than the presence of the enemy . . ."

As for clothes, there were only ten thousand pairs of trousers and shorts and the same number of blue denim suits—hardly enough for eighty thousand men fighting in steaming jungles and along jagged ridges. As for medical supplies, by the end of February critical shortages had developed, especially in quinine. By March the incidence of malaria in front-line units was as high as thirty-five per cent.

"The shortage of supplies of all types, and especially of food," Morton concludes, "had a greater effect on the outcome of the siege of Bataan than any other single factor."

Why were there such shortages in supplies? Here again, the answer is plain. Under the original war plan, supplies for forty-three thousand men for a period of six months were to have been moved to Bataan at the outbreak of war. But General MacArthur decided instead to fight it out on the beaches. Supplies were accordingly moved forward to advance depots. The decision to revert to the original plan and withdraw to Bataan was not made until December 23, and full-scale movement of supplies to Bataan did not begin until that date. In the most favorable circumstances, it would have been difficult to move enough supplies to Bataan to maintain for an indefinite period not merely the forty-three thousand men originally planned for but the more than one hundred thousand who finally retreated there. "To accomplish it in about one week, during the confusion of war and retreat, proved to be an impossible task."

The single land route to Bataan was being used by the retreating troops. There was a shortage of motor transport and rolling stock. After the retreat order was issued, there were instances of premature evacuation and destruction of supply depots. Headquarters red tape further slowed the movement of supplies. When Lieutenant Colonel Charles S. Lawrence proposed the seizure of stocks of clothing and food belonging to Japanese firms, MacArthur's headquarters threatened him with court-martial if he carried his project through. Ten million pounds of rice were lost at Cabanatuan because permission to take them was not received in time.

Where an orderly program for the supply of Bataan in the weeks after December 8 would have given the troops there more food and clothing and medicine and, in consequence, more physical strength for resistance, the attempt to carry out the whole operation in a single disorderly week, amidst the confusion of a general retreat, condemned these brave men to half rations, exposure, disease, and death.

GENERAL MACARTHUR obviously believed that he could stop the Japanese on the beaches. Otherwise he would presumably have confined himself to delaying actions while using the time gained to make swift preparations for a final stand in Bataan. How is one to explain General MacArthur's optimism about defensive possibilities short of Bataan—an optimism so robust and passionate as to lead him to throw over the accepted plan and to reject the military logic of nearly every American officer who had tackled the problem of Philippine defense?

On the shadowy frontier of such a question as this, Dr. Morton, a cautious historian properly wary of problems of individual motivation, draws back. To investigate it adequately, one would have to examine General MacArthur's whole Philippine record: his faith that a fleet of fast torpedo boats could render the archipelago impregnable; his statement in 1939 that the assumption that Japan coveted the islands was erroneous; his observation to a *Time* reporter in May, 1941, that Japan had overspent itself and that the United States had nothing to fear from Japanese aggression; his conviction in the fall of 1941 that, while Japanese aggression might now be conceivable, there was no reason to fear it before the spring of 1942. ("I'd like to stress this thought," General Wainwright wrote in retrospect after the war: "MacArthur believed that nothing was going to happen before April 1942.")

Passing the Buck

Optimism must have persuaded General MacArthur after Pearl Harbor that he could hold the Japanese on the beaches and that he there-

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fore could safely delay the provisioning of Bataan.

Dr. Morton's work brings out other anomalies in the MacArthur story:

¶The Philippines campaign opened with the disaster at Clark Field, when Japanese planes caught the main force of American heavy bombers on the ground and in a single stroke knocked our Far East Air Force out of the war. This attack took place nine hours after the Japanese assault on Pearl Harbor.

Here Dr. Morton ran into one of his toughest problems. General MacArthur has told one story about the Clark Field disaster; General Brereton, his air commander, another; General Sutherland, his chief of staff, at various times has told two conflicting stories. Brereton's contention has been that the planes were on the field because of the long delay (six hours) before General MacArthur's headquarters acceded to his request for authorization to attack Formosa. General MacArthur claimed in 1946 that Brereton had never recommended such an attack to him. After examining the record, Dr. Morton shows the MacArthur statement of 1946 to be in error. On December 8, 1941, General MacArthur actually radioed Washington that he had ordered an attack on Formosa. Beyond this, Dr. Morton does not try to assess responsibility.

¶In February, President Quezon suggested that the Philippines be neutralized and that American (as well as Japanese) forces be withdrawn. Supporting this proposal, General MacArthur told General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff: "There is no denying the fact that we are near done." If the Quezon plan were accepted, he added, "we lose no military advantage." But in April, after General MacArthur had gone to Australia and his successor, General Wainwright, was much nearer "done" than General MacArthur had been in February, MacArthur took quite a different position; now he could see no alternative for Wainwright except fighting to the bitter end at any cost.

General MacArthur, who had spent all his time in Corregidor except for a single visit to Bataan, may not have been thoroughly aware of the desperate shortages of food on the fighting front. When Wainwright transferred his headquarters to Corregidor on March 21, he found the men better fed than those on Bataan. "With the plight of the emaciated troops there still fresh in his mind," writes Dr. Morton, he had part of Corregidor's hoarded food reserves sent over to the men in the front line. In the next weeks, as the shortages remorselessly increased, Wainwright commented to Washington on the mounting dangers in the supply situation. At this point General MacArthur suggested to General Marshall that "with my departure the vigor of application of conservation [of supplies] may have been relaxed." To Wainwright, MacArthur sent this heroic cable: "If food fails, you will prepare and execute an attack upon the enemy."

President Roosevelt and General McNarney in Washington, understanding Wainwright's predicament, soon decided that the no-surrender directive (which the President had issued on February 9, 1942, in response to the Quezon-MacArthur neutralization proposal) should be modified to give the field commander liberty of decision. On April 8, Roosevelt communicated this decision to MacArthur in Australia for concurrence and forwarding to Wainwright. But MacArthur, who two months before had confessed himself "near done," delayed. Not for a week, until Wainwright directly applied to him, did he indicate concurrence. On May 6, Wainwright surrendered.

THERE IS so much genuine luster in Douglas MacArthur's record that the disclosure of the truth about the Philippine campaign will not materially impair his reputation or change his place in history. But his failures in this campaign confirm the grave questions that have been raised about his broader wisdom on large issues. Louis Morton's able record of the tragedy of Bataan, in the judgment of this reviewer, furnishes convincing new evidence of how overwhelmingly right President Truman was not to follow General MacArthur's counsel a decade later.

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CHANNELS:

TV and the Dramatist

MARYA MANNES

ON THE EVENING of December 29, Robert E. Sherwood interrupted a reverie. The reverie concerned the great opportunities television offers to writers. The interruption was a one-hour television play, the first which this distinguished man had written of a series contracted for with NBC a year ago and awaited with high hope. For although it was not the first time a well-known American playwright had written for television —Saroyan and Faulkner had done so, as had Thornton Wilder and others —it was the first time a man of Sherwood's reputation had agreed to undertake a series of television plays at a fee heretofore never paid and with a freedom of choice never before so contractually granted. It was a sort of coming of age of a medium which has been arrogantly—and to their loss even more than its own—neglected by our country's intellectuals, who have gathered up their creative garments about them out of reach of the masses, for fear, one supposes, of contamination.

Here was the irony and failure of Mr. Sherwood's first attempt, which he called *Backbone of the Nation*. For while he tried to show with it that there is no such thing as the "average, typical American family" (or life, or way), what he wrote was an average, typical television play. It was even below the quality of less heralded scripts: formless, cliché-ridden, unfunny, the points dulled, the bland conclusion justifying the very attitudes he had set out to rend. One could not help thinking two things: that Mr. Sherwood was deliberately condescending to the medium—stepping down from Olympus so that the little people would be less awed by his eminence—and that he had really not looked at television much. If he had, he would have found out what marvelous things a good playwright can do for it—and it for him. This was the reverie that his play interrupted.

I HAD BEEN wondering, as I watched play after play on television, what it is that makes their best moments—the high points—different from theater or motion pictures. And I had come to the conclusion that it is intimacy: intimacy with faces, with emotions, with words. There they are, these treasures, held in a very small world of space, with nothing between them and you but an electrical impulse. It is, in fact, the closest form of communication next to actual presence. For writer and viewer the physical distractions are gone: there is no problem of seating, of diction, of lighting, of scenery, of audience noise. You see and you hear the actor without such interventions, and the writer can write without deference to them. He does not need the constant action necessary to theater or movie pace. There is action enough in the talk between two people and the expressions of their faces; even in the talk of one, if the words are good.

Although the writer is limited by time, he is not limited by arbitrary divisions into acts. The thorn of the interrupting commercial has bled many writers, but I see no reason why it cannot be extracted by the concerted effort of the networks and the playwrights, who can surely convince the sponsors that it does more harm than good. In any event, a break need be no disaster to the writer who has discovered that he can pack as much into twenty minutes of television as he can into forty of theater. It is as if power of impact were in direct ratio to exigency of space. Cinemascope and wide screens notwithstanding, space means diffusion, contraction strength. The television writer should exult in this limitation as a painter exults in his. Both are frames which spur as they discipline the creative spirit, and those who reject such boundaries will find confusion rather than freedom.

TELEVISION IS the place for the poet, the master of mood and of word. It is the place for implication, for simplicity, even for silence (a quality not yet appreciated on the medium). On television the small gesture can become the great act, the tentative phrase the grand statement. The writer need never strain for effect; the quality of his thought is effect enough.

I can see the day when television will be the home of certain kinds of writing and thinking that other media either spurn or brutalize: delicate works of the imagination which belong, truly, to this magic casement. Works of tenderness, fragments that would be lost in larger frames, could here be cherished for their very fragility.

But the writer for television must look at television. He may not find the key to his new home in the dramas themselves, but rather in the ordinary men and women who are the stuff of drama, telling their stories—often on programs of appalling crassness and bathos—to the millions they cannot see. Seeing them, hearing them, he will discover again —if he has forgotten it—how triumphant is the human being and how powerful is the word of truth. This is why the millions look at television, mesmerized. They are seeing themselves.

THIS COMMUNICATION — so direct and so limitless—is open to the thinkers and dreamers and creators of this country if they want it. The price is a television set and the humility to realize that if they wish to reach the human spirit (and what artist does not?), they must use all and every means. Of these, television is the most powerful yet devised. If they relinquish it, the wreckers will take over.

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A Visit With Ezra Pound

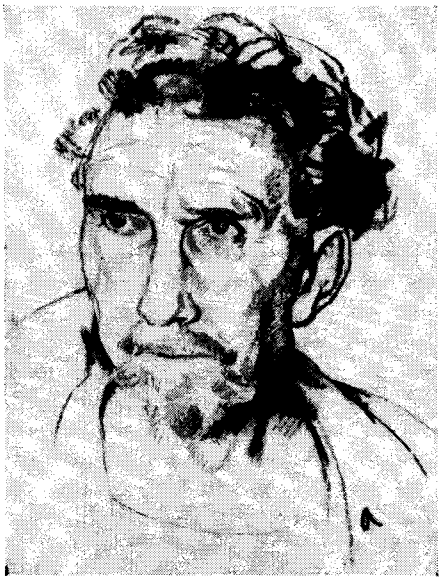
DAN PINCK

ONE OF THE BEST views of Washington is that from St. Elizabeth's Hospital, a mental institution in Anacostia. The dome of the Capitol is only a little higher than one's line of vision, and during the summer the distractions of the city's traffic are concealed beneath the orderly rows of trees that line the streets of the city. The only noise is the occasional droning of planes arriving and departing at three nearby airfields.

The lawns at St. Elizabeth's are wide and gently sloping, and the grass is well cared for. Thickly shaded paths circle out to softball fields and tennis courts and then back to where they started. The red-brick buildings are of a gaunt, Gothic style, resembling nothing so much as an abandoned permanent army base. Rain dust is so thick on the tall barred windows that only a face pressed close against a pane can be seen outside. In the distance a great white dog ambles aimlessly among the trees. A trusty in a green Alpine hat mows the same stretch of lawn over and over again. Another seems to be counting bricks on the sidewalk. On a clothesline a garment that looks very much like a strait jacket hangs drying in the sun.

Nearby a family of determined squirrels squat on their haunches by a low foliage border, their eyes nervously imploring a pittance from St. Elizabeth's most renowned resident, Ezra Pound.

SINCE his incarceration in St. Elizabeth's Mr. Pound has got used to such begging; regular streams of pious disciples, untalented largely and, in marked contrast to Mr. Pound, quite humorless, have imposed themselves on his visiting hours. They all want to feel that they share his misery, and they hope that some of his talent and fame may rub off onto them. As an English critic has noticed, Mr. Pound has a remarkable talent for attracting people of ordinary ability, infusing them with ambition, and then watching ordinary productions presented to the world. Although he has always had a reputation for being accessible and helpful to young people, especially



writers and artists, one feels that if he were not confined as he is, many of the present retinue might not be welcome a second time.

Not all of Mr. Pound's visitors—disgruntled civil-service aesthetes, political housewives, and the rare possessors of real talent—either understand or agree with his political views, but a good many of them respect him for his steadfastness to literary ideals and for the almost infallible literary judgment that discovered and helped to shape the talents of Joyce, Eliot, and Hemingway.

For the few hours of freedom on the lawn that he is allowed each afternoon, Mr. Pound has compartmentalized his regular visitors into the days of the week. "You," he will say with good humor but finality, "will be a Wednesday." Each day is devoted to a special interest: research, poetry, politics, or the translations of Confucius he is now working on with the help of a Chinese girl studying at Catholic University. His guests know themselves and one another as Wednesdays or Mondays, and these names are badges.

With his disciples gathered around him on the lawn, pleasant but damning in his digressions, generous but rarely constructive, Mr. Pound could be talking around a cracker barrel in his native Hailey, Idaho. Listening to him, one understands how Gertrude Stein could have said of Pound that he was "a village explainer, excellent if you were a village, but if you were not, not." One also suspects that perhaps Mr. Pound is remembering special stupidities of his audience to tell to Mr. Eliot on his next pilgrimage from London and possibly reserving the loudest laugh for himself at the expense of his pompous disciples.

Vengeance and Grief

Mr. Pound, who was declared insane in 1945 after he had been arrested for treason because of his propaganda broadcasts from Italy during the war, is confined in the building reserved for the violently insane. "I met a very pleasant chap," he once said in a reference to a fellow inmate. "We had many interesting conversations. He seemed no crazier than I. When I found out that he

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had been committed for killing his wife, I reconsidered my position." Mr. Pound's visitors laugh with him, anxious to show that they have no doubt of Mr. Pound's sanity.

His afternoon hours of freedom outside the building are allowed only when he is accompanied by his wife, a former student of his whose maiden name was Dorothy Shakespear and whom he married in 1914. Mrs. Pound rents a room on a not very pleasant street near the grounds of the hospital, and every day of the year she goes to the hospital to see her husband, who is never allowed outside the grounds of St. Elizabeth's. Mr. Pound waves his hand and kisses Mrs. Pound on her cheek when he comes down and again when he has to leave at the end of his liberty. In all but the most inclement weather they spend the afternoon on the lawn, sitting on two lightweight deck chairs he keeps in his room. Their guests sit on low benches.

Mr. Pound wears an old G.I. overcoat over a sweat shirt, and long underwear covers the distance between the cuffs of unpressed trousers and heavy socks puffing out of bedroom slippers. He peers at his guests from beneath a green eyeshade. Although he celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday last October 30, Mr. Pound moves with the athletic vigor of a young man in excellent condition. If one can picture a somewhat leaner version of Ernest Hemingway—particularly in the recent magazine advertisements of pens and ale that show him as a bewildered but defiant shaggy gray bear—one has a pretty good idea of both Mr. Pound's appearance and his mood. There is a remarkable absence of self-pity about him. Still full of erratic defiance, he is not nearly as downhearted as his visitors.

The vengeance in his eyes is missing in his wife's. His confinement seems to have been more difficult for her than for him. Mrs. Pound is regal and calm, reminding one of the figure in Saint-Gaudens's statue of Grief not far away in Rock Creek Cemetery—a beauty that is at once classic and sympathetic.

Back to Old Muss

Mr. Pound may begin a discussion of Spanish or Chinese culture only to interrupt himself to tell a new visitor that his confinement is due to the malevolence of a band of traitors in high position who considered him a dangerous political foe because he saw the truth behind their deeds. In a brusque, strong voice he says, "I received copies of a government financial report in 1939 which I carefully studied. Roosevelt and Morgenthau bought six billion dollars' worth of foreign gold for ten billion. Ha! Where did the four billion dollars go?" Mr. Pound thinks the two men stole the money. (The critic Malcolm Cowley has reported a similar digression in Paris, where Pound told him that he had found the lowdown on Elizabethan drama: The whole business was cribbed from Italian state papers.)

Mr. Pound goes on to describe his own singular brand of economics, and then goes back to the war. "I went to London to talk to Mr. Eden." Mr. Pound chuckles confidingly and, after a moment of reflection, continues: "Once Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden were determined to have their war, I gave up in disgust and went back to old Muss."

Abruptly he drops Mussolini and

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returns to economics. "I made a special trip to the United States in 1939 to warn the country. I got a few ears to listen but too many Congressmen were under the full sway of Mr. Roosevelt to listen to old Ez."

He talks from behind a mask of objectivity, with high humor occasionally warping his face, vindictive only when pronouncing certain names and words, studying the serious faces in his audience and noting the nervous concurrence in their eyes. "London was less interested in the affairs of the world than in Mr. Eliot's distich."

'Old Ez in a Cage'

With stopovers in two or three countries, Mr. Pound is back in Italy. War has come. Old Muss has his chance. And Mr. Pound has his chance to return to America, but he chooses to stay in Italy so that America will have someone there to tell her the truth about conditions in Italy. "I was not forced to say anything over Muss's radio," he says. "No scripts were prepared for me by anybody, and I spoke only when I wanted to." He and his visitors solemnly agree that his broadcasts really contained valuable information, presented in a code of cerebral doubletalk, for American intelligence. Mr. Pound becomes angry as he declares that certain American leaders refused to take advantage of his broadcasts and that when Italy fell, he was arrested on malicious and false charges of high treason. He dismisses the specific accusations, which included holding an official position in Mussolini's government and broadcasting the Fascist party line to Americans.

"They didn't know what to do with me, so they put old Ez in a cage and flew him back to the United States. Ha, I was a dangerous criminal! They kept me in confinement on a starvation diet when I first got here, and I didn't see the sun for months. But when they took me—" Mr. Pound stops, regains his energy, and then continues. "When they took me in Italy, they thought I was a dangerous wild man and were scared of me. I had a guard night and day, and when they built a cage out of iron mats from airplane runways and put me in the cage for the merriment of all, they posted a guard outside. Soldiers used to come up to the cage and look at me. Some of them brought me food. Old Ez was a prize exhibit."

The visitors steer the talk away from treason and insanity. His friends explain the sudden leaps and continental gaps in his conversation by saying that while most people struggle along on the level of simple addition and subtraction, Mr. Pound proceeds on a level of higher calculus.

SUDDENLY he remembers Wabash College. "Ha, ha, imagine that!" he says. "If I'd been a *good boy,* I might today be the head of a department at Wabash. After four months they had enough of old Ez. They—ah, well, they described me as *too Bohemian* for their tastes." Mr. Pound strokes his gray beard and all his visitors laugh.

"Remember the first time we saw Hem?" Mr. Pound turns to ask his wife, who is quietly occupied in feeding crumbs to the squirrels.

She stops. "Who?" she asks.

"Hem," Mr. Pound urges.

"Hem," she repeats. "Who is that?"

"Hemingway," Mr. Pound reminds her in a kindly tone.

"Oh, Hem."

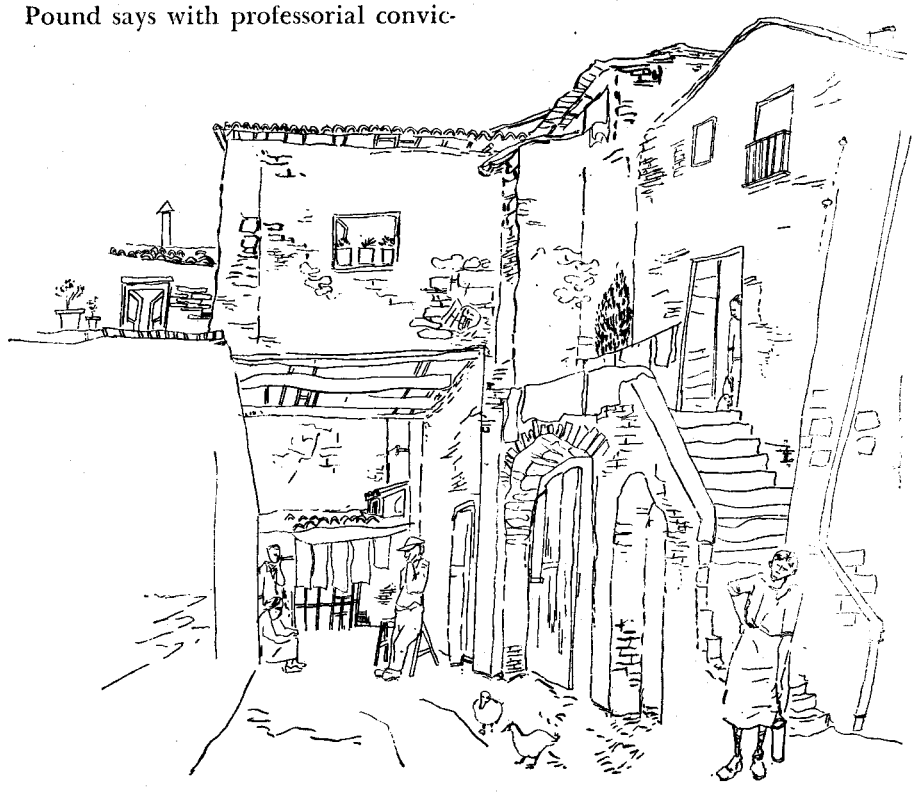
"But there was a writer," Mr. Pound says with professorial conviction, "who was a better writer than Hemingway. I mean Bob McAlmon. He wrote a better book than Hem. You can find some of his stuff in the Library of Congress. He wrote some fine stuff in Paris in the 'twenties. I think he stopped writing."

Mr. Pound informs his listeners that he is forty years ahead of his time and always has been.

"I told Harriet Monroe to print something forty years ago in Chicago. When she finally printed it, she said, 'When Ez tells you to do something, you might as well do it, 'cause you'll end up doing it anyway.' "

Mr. Pound believes that Wyndham Lewis is a writer who deserves fame and a wide sale of his books. "Lewis gives the best picture of postwar English society I've read. He wrote a memorable book about that. Its name is *Rotting Hill.*" Impatiently, he returns to France and wonders, "Why is it that all, or nearly all, good French writers are over seventy-three? Not exactly snows but yesteryearly with perennial persistence."

After a quick flight to California, Mr. Pound praises the work of the late Jaime de Angulo, a Spaniard whose fables and drawings about Indians have lately been published, and whose anthropological studies



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among the Indians of California Mr. Pound admires.

One of Mr. Pound's visitors mentions his own anthropological research in Africa. Mr. Pound seems pleased to hear this. "Frobenius, the German anthropologist, had the right idea," he says. "Read his explorations into the different Negroid types. Ha! There're twenty-seven different types of nigger. Can you imagine that? Twenty-seven different types in Africa. You'd have to have a segregation law for each type!"

'They' Are Against Him

The social researches of the United Nations are mentioned, and Mr. Pound tells his audience that he knows the muralist Fernand Léger. "Some wise guy, or maybe it was a great French painter, admired Cézanne for the determination he put into bad painting—*son obstination a faire de la mauvaise peinture.* In the matter of obstinacy Cézanne was a mere flatfish in comparison with Fernand Léger, who's doing the murals for that horrible sugar lump set up on the wrong end, the U.N. monstrosity in New York. For fifty years Léger has been painting ladies with faces like frying pans, ladies with mugs like croquet balls, and has now made them like it. And if you like frying pans, etcetera, there is not one who can make them as well as Monsieur Léger, *chef d'école,* but very much boss of himself."

Mr. Pound also has it in for Winston Churchill, the late Carter Glass, the late Léon Blum, Bernard Baruch, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the Rothschilds, Harry S. Truman, Drew Pearson, Eugene Meyer, James P. Warburg, Anthony Eden, the New York *Herald Tribune,* Dean Acheson, Henry Luce, and the late Fala.

He informs his visitors that after his commitment, the government turned his affairs over to the management of Mr. Acheson's law firm. "I cannot send my grandson five dollars without going through Mr. Acheson's law firm," he says bitterly. But then he brightens and mentions that his son, Omar, is studying Persian in Iran.

THE SUBJECT of Mr. Pound's detainment comes up. "That Bollingen Prize," he explains. "My friends thought that if they gave me that prize it would help pave the way for getting me out. Ah, of course it raised a furor, and that so-called Republican Representative from New York, Jakie Javits, gathered all his noisy little forces and saw to it that that intention was blocked." He refers repeatedly to an indefinite "they," who are against him. But the visitors gather that important people are working for Mr. Pound's freedom. "I have recordings of my broadcasts in Italy that prove I was only trying to help the country," he says.

"I tried to tell Hitler he was off on the wrong foot." And a few moments later: "They gave Hiss only five years, and I warned the country years ago about the menace that he advocated. Ha!"

Where would he like to go if he is released? Would he return to Rapallo, the Italian town that had been his home since 1924? Before answering, Mr. Pound scratches his head and leans back in his chair. "No, no," he says. "I hear there's a congenial group in England now. I think I'd go there."

When Mr. Pound looks forward, it is mainly to his literary activities. He has galley sheets to correct, and he goes on working on his Chinese translations. Faber and Faber, Eliot's London firm, is bringing out a volume of his collected literary criticism, with an introduction by Eliot, and has just published his translations, with an introduction by Hugh Kenner; both books are published in the United States by New Directions, which has eight of his other books currently in print. Mr. Pound was pleased to hear that a Washington bookstore had copies of his *Guide to Kulchur* in its window recently. He follows little magazines, some, like the *Hudson Review,* with more interest than others, but always with interest in new writing. Friends in many lands send him news and picture postcards; dispatches from Rabat, Athens, Rome, from Germany and varied sections of the United States give him the news and gossip he likes to hear. His friends have been loyal.

NOT LONG AGO a young man made a pilgrimage to Rapallo to find out what the townspeople remember of Mr. Pound. He reports that they remember him with affection, and they want him to know that the choral group he organized is still giving regular concerts.

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Uncle Gamini And the British

TAMBIMUTTU

HEARTY Uncle Gamini, Oxford double Blue (boxing and cricket), is the pride of our Ceylonese family. As a southpaw bantamweight youth he showered glory on Ceylon. The resident Englishmen and Scotsmen patronized him in a make-believe that he was near-English himself.

Uncle Gamini had been the first Singhalese to shine in an Inter-Varsity Meet, and he had even shaken hands with King George VI during one of those cricket fixtures called Gentlemen vs. Players—the players being professionals and the others being, well, gentlemen, which was all to the good.

Under British Protection, which lasted until 1948, it was good to play cricket. "Well played, sir!" meant approval, and "That was not cricket," condemnation. It was the most democratic game invented. It all depended on teamwork. Which was the reason Uncle Gamini toiled manfully in the murderous hot sun, six hours a day, two days a week and sometimes three, as if to say he was good as any Englishman. Some thought the long-drawn-out and phlegmatic game injurious to the human system in the tropics. The shorter games like polo and field hockey, both Indian games, were being adopted by the British, along with jodhpurs and pajamas.

Good Fellows All

Uncle Gamini flourished under the British. He swilled beer in the Colombo cricket pavilion and sang "Wrap Me Up in My Old Tarpaulin Jacket" and "Tipperary" in his fruity Ceylonese voice. When he produced his *pièce de resistance*, "Maquita, Maquita, I Love You, Maquita," it brought the house down, and the Cockney cricketer from Cargills, Ltd., who was barred from the Princes and Garden Clubs because of his accent, soon became starry-eyed. Uncle Gamini's only regret was that he could not fox-hunt in England every year with the Much Hadham Pack, along with his friend Sir Marcellus Wijeyesinghe. However, he consoled himself by being measured for a rifle in Bond Street and popping it off on Ceylon's elephants, leopards, and wild boar. Though he does not own a fox brush like Sir Marcellus, he boasts of other trophies.

Immaculate in his Savile Row suits and bespoke footwear from Bond Street, Uncle Gamini was popular at the Lawn Club, the Orient Club, and the Havelock Golf Club, where he downed quantities of Johnnie Walker whisky in the best of company. He was real pukka. On weekdays he rode his strawberry roan round Victoria Park with the English gentry. We were all very proud. On Sundays he drove a four-in-hand down the red gravel of the Galle Face, in front of the world-famous hotel of the same name. The glossy victoria, bound in shining brass, was English.

IN SPITE OF his British Rugger-type attitude, Uncle Gamini is a poet. He once showed me a poem he had written about the seaside resort of Chilaw:

Prancing prawns and sea-shell's swoon,
These at sunset Chilaw is.

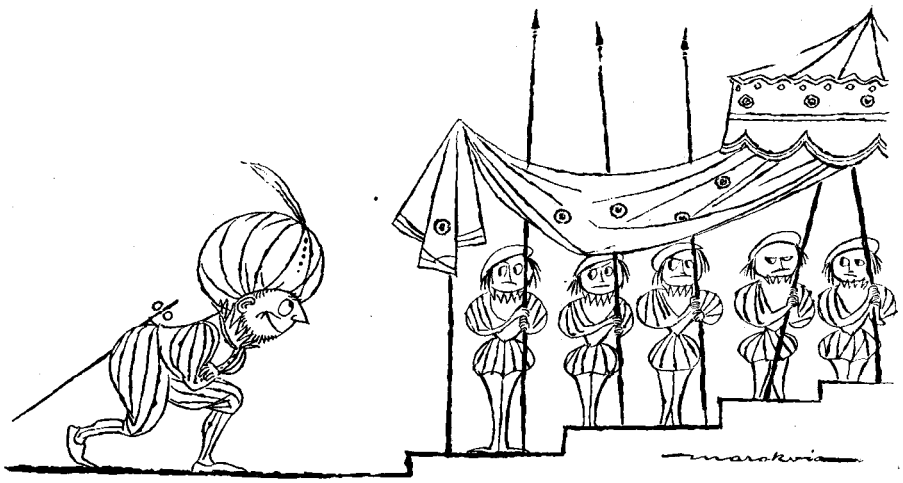
It was written in English, of course, —in the best romantic tradition, or so Uncle Gamini thought. The more fashionable Ceylonese poets had begun to write stanzas like this:

And should an English landscape ever pall,
With all its wide diversity of hills
And trees and waters, lo! the fresh breeze fills
Our welling canvas at the Poet's call!
Where shall we wander? In the fields of France?
Or classic Italy's wave-saluted shores?
Or dearer Scotland's barren heaths and moors?

—from the pen of the celebrated Govind Chunder Sutt. As always, Uncle Gamini was quick on the uptake, and always on the mark. That is why we respected and admired him.

He was irrepressible in his admiration of the British. One Sunday, long ago, I must tell you, he accompanied the District Magistrate and the Superintendent of Police to the scene of a crime. He was a fledging lawyer then, about to defend a murderer.

On the way, the Magistrate's wife was dropped off at the Sunday fair.



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When the journey was resumed, Uncle Gamini lit a cigarette without permission. "Mr. Gamini, dear sir," protested the Magistrate, "you must not smoke. You must understand the Court is still sitting. It's a legal fiction, so to say, of course, but wherever the Magistrate goes, the Court goes." Uncle Gamini apologized suitably, and threw the cigarette out the window.

On the return journey, the carriage stopped at the fair to pick up the Magistrate's wife, whereupon Uncle Gamini gallantly volunteered to look for the lady. He jumped out of the carriage, wandered about the crowd for a while, and returning announced in his best Court manner: "Sir, the Court's wife wishes me to inform the Court that the Honourable Court's wife is busy buying vegetables."

Gentlemen, The Queen!

After years of monkeying at the bar, Uncle Gamini has become rich and is now Member of Parliament for Colombo South. He was, of course, one of the United National Party M.P.s who voted to keep Ceylon in the British Commonwealth. He is in the public eye, and contrives to remain there by sponsoring beauty competitions among village girls all over the island. Though this foreign institution is anathema to the people, it gets him into the English-language papers that are read in Colombo. Perhaps it is for this same reason that he has acquired, as have other public men such as Sir Bougainvillaea Weerasekera, Sir Tudor Tissera, and Sir Samarasekera Lunuwilla, a string of race horses. The Colombo Race Meet rivals Ascot, and surpasses it in the colorful saris, blouses, and sunshades that protect the ladies.

Uncle Gamini, in common with most of his friends, believes in English education. Most of them have been to England or the English-style University of Ceylon. The Varsity Rag in Ceylon far outdoes Cambridge or Oxford, both in virulence and brilliance. And Uncle Gamini never misses the Royal-Thomian or the Law-Medical cricket matches. Based on the Eton-Harrow matches, these events gain in accoutrements every year, whereas the Eton boys no longer wear their top hats.

SINCE THE DAWN of independence, Uncle Gamini's ties with the British have grown stronger than ever. His three sons are being educated in England, while his daughter copes with English thought at Cheltenham Ladies' College. He hopes she will be presented at Court next year.

He himself hopes to be knighted by Queen Elizabeth, towards which end he is engaged in many charitable and other works. In some of the commercial firms that he owns, the principals are Englishmen recently imported from England, and many of his friends are knights—Sir John Kotelawala, Sir Edward Nugewala, Sir Chittampalam Gardiner, Sir Claude Corea, Sir Donatus Victoria, and Sir Oliver Goonetilleke.

His name was not among those honored at New Year's, but we all hope that Uncle Gamini's fondest dream will be realized when the Queen's next birthday honors are published.

The Unpopular Passenger

A Short Story

ROBERT K. BINGHAM

SNOW was falling out of the dark into the tiny cones of light under street lamps down below as the plane circled to land at Cleveland. When the hostess saw that I was awake and that my safety belt was already fastened, she smiled efficiently and moved on down the aisle, waking the other passengers and asking them to fasten their safety belts. I did not make the effort to return her smile but turned again to look down on the miniature suburbs below.

The young soldier sitting next to me stretched awake and looked out the window too. "Must be a late party at that house," he said through a yawn. He pointed to where the lights were on in one half of a brick two-family house on a street of unlighted but otherwise identical brick two-family houses. Or somebody dying, was my first thought.

Being awake at three or four in the morning, sober and bored, waiting only for a certain time to elapse or a certain distance to be traveled, reminded me inevitably of my own days and nights as a soldier, of an emptiness in which at last even the too familiar prospect of death loses its power to provoke emotion.

After hovering uncertainly in the air, the plane settled clumsily on the ground, stumbled to a stop, and then waddled into the brightly lighted area around the terminal building, wheezing and gasping. "One hour and forty-five minutes late," declared a resonant bass voice several seats behind me. "I told them we'd be there at a decent hour, but at this rate we won't be there before dawn." Several other passengers glanced at their wrist watches.

Those of us who were getting off

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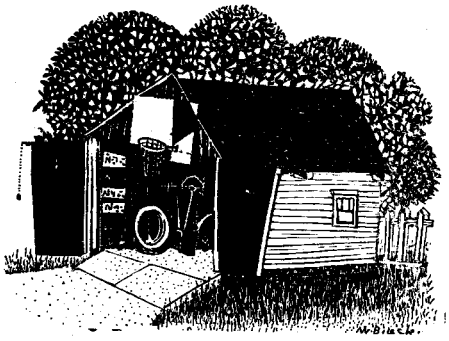


at Cleveland stood in the aisle, and while I waited behind a woman with yellowish-white hair who was pointing at things she wanted her husband to pass down from the luggage rack, I was pushed abruptly against my seat by a short, fat man wearing a broad-brimmed blue hat that fitted down very far on his head. He also pushed the woman in front of me, and with an exaggerated cry of alarm she let herself fall back into the seat from which she had just arisen. A thin fox scarf had fallen onto the floor and lay there staring up at its mistress with eyes of orange bead. The woman snatched the animal to her and shook it violently. "Really!" she said indignantly, glaring back down the aisle at her assailant, who by this time had forced his way through the other passengers to be the first one out of the plane when the door was opened. Then she glared at her husband, a small man with steel-rimmed glasses, who averted his eyes and reached for a patent-leather hatbox. "Really!" the woman said again, this time loud enough for everyone in the plane to hear. "Some people just have no consideration."

When I left the plane I found the man in the big hat blocking my way at the bottom of the portable stairway. He was breathing heavily. "Hey, there, Miss Hostess!" he shouted past me up at the door of the plane. "I got to make a phone call." He coughed and turned his head to spit. "So where's the phone?" His face was made up of four round and very nearly equal bulbs of flesh—a forehead, two cheeks, and a nose. Under this last bulb a large lower lip hung down, wet and open.

The hostess suggested that if he would follow the other passengers to the terminal building he would find public telephones in the lobby. After glancing suspiciously through the screen of soft, dry snow in the direction she had pointed, he wheeled himself around and trotted awkwardly away on his short legs.

"And not one word of thanks, you'll notice," said the woman with the yellowish-white hair, clutching the bright-eyed fox firmly about her throat.

Even though the short, fat man had run all the way, I got to the terminal building almost as soon as he did. "Hey, there, Johnny!" he shouted to a uniformed pilot. "I got to make a phone call." He snapped his plump fingers impatiently. Looking down on the man in the big hat, the pilot permitted his mustache to twitch several times before he jerked his thumb contemptuously over his shoulder and paraded away.

Just outside the only booth that was free, two men had set down their briefcases and were going through their pockets for change, but the man in the big hat dived right between them toward the booth. "Just a minute there, my friend," said one of the men, taking hold of the intruder's elbow. It was the same resonant bass voice I had heard on the plane.

"I got to make a phone call," said the man in the big hat, weaving himself free of the taller man's grip and working his way into the booth.

"Oh, you got to make a phone call, have you?" the man with the deep voice mimicked. "Well, listen, my friend, I got to make a phone call too, and I was here first."

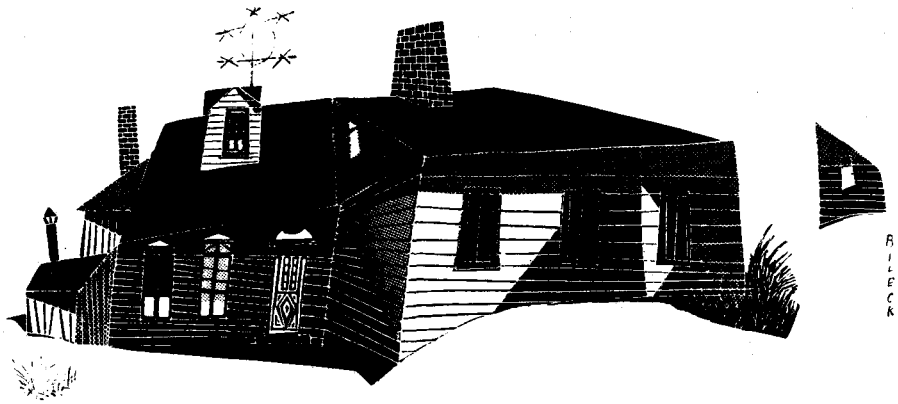
The man in the big hat drew in his breath and seemed about to speak, but instead he broke the grip on his elbow with a sudden snap and slammed the collapsible door of the booth shut behind him.

His mouth held open as if in speechless amazement, the man with the deep voice turned to his companion for confirmation of what he had just seen.

"How come you let him get away with that?" said the other man, stuttering slightly. The man with the deep voice stared angrily into the booth but said nothing. The voice from the booth, alternately threatening and pleading, was loud but indistinct. He might have been speaking in a foreign language.

The snack bar and the magazine stand were boarded over for the night, and so I stood outside near the limousine that would take me to downtown Cleveland and waited for the baggage to be brought around. The night was cold: I felt the walls of my nostrils sticking together, and the snow groaned and complained under my feet. Both the lights and the sounds of the airport were dimmed by the thickly falling snow.

Out of the dark a crowd loomed up upon me. There were five passengers, a man in a leather jacket whom I took to be the driver of the limousine, and two porters pulling a baggage cart. The passengers were all talking to the whole crowd at the same time, as if they were old friends or relatives who had just met after a long separation instead of strangers who had arrived in a large city by chance on the same plane.



One of the passengers—it was the man with the slight stutter—said, "I still don't see why you let him get away with it." He held the right front door of the limousine so that his companion would have to sit in the middle.

"He knocked me down, I tell you,"

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said the woman with the fox scarf.

"What do you mean, why did *I* let him get away with it?" said the man with the deep voice. "You were standing right there. Why didn't you do something?"

"Well, for one thing," said the other man sarcastically, "it was you that wanted to use the phone, not me."

"Oh, what's the use?" said the man with the deep voice, accepting the inside seat. "It never does any good with people like that. They never change."

"You're absolutely right," said the woman with the fox scarf, employing elaborate gestures to arrange herself in the middle of the back seat. Her husband got in next to her, and I, not noticing the folded jump seats, sat down on the other side of her. The soldier took the jump seat in front of her husband, and the other two men were in the front.

"I wonder what he was in such a hurry to get to that phone for," said the soldier. He spoke in a flat nasal drawl.

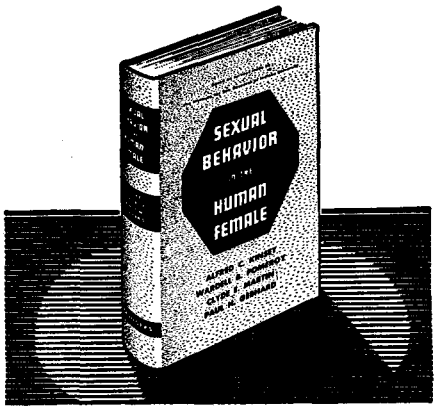
"Business," said the man with the deep voice. "With those people it's always business." He held up a gloved hand and rubbed his thumb and forefinger together.

"And then you never can tell," said the soldier. "He might have had something on his mind."

"And did you notice the way he treated that sweet little hostess?" the woman interrupted. "Did you notice, dear?" Her husband cleared his throat. "With those people it's always self, self, self," she went on. "They have no human consideration for anyone else whatsoever."

"Oh, I knew one or two of them that was all right," said the soldier. The man with the deep voice hummed skeptically.

AFTER watching the porters stow our luggage in the trunk, the driver had gone back to the terminal building, and for a while we awaited his return in silence. We felt rather than heard the heavy rhythm of the limousine's motor. Both men in the front seat were smoking cigars, and the soldier and the woman lighted cigarettes. The stale air nauseated me, and at last I lowered my window about five or six inches. The woman, who had been smoking rapidly and



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nervously, stiffened beside me. "The snow seems to be coming in the windows," she pronounced mincingly. She sucked in a mouthful of smoke and expelled it immediately with a small explosion. Both men in the front seat turned around and watched me as I cranked up the window. Since leaving the plane, the woman had drawn an incongruously wide line across her mouth with lipstick. In the pale green light that came to us filtered through snow from the terminal building her mouth looked purple. "Really!" she muttered.

The man with the deep voice kept turning around to stare back at the terminal building, and we waited in silence once more. Tired as I was, I did not even look forward to sleeping. For me the tedium was almost entirely devoid of interest, appetite, or emotion. It was meaningless time, empty time, and the only thing I felt at all was a weak hatred for the other passengers.

"I wonder what keeps us waiting so long," said the soldier.

"Can't somebody do something?" the woman demanded resentfully.

The man with the deep voice stubbed his cigar out in the ash tray and devoted himself for several minutes to staring back at the terminal building before he gave it up and lighted another cigar. "I never should have let him get away with it," he said softly. The motor was running all the time.

FINALLY there were voices, and we all looked to see who was coming. The driver was walking rapidly toward the limousine carrying a small aluminum suitcase, and trotting along beside him, looking up into his face earnestly, came the short, fat man in the big hat.

"So that's who kept us waiting so long," said the woman, settling back triumphantly. "So that's who it is," said the soldier. The man with the slight stutter grunted. "No human consideration for anyone else whatsoever," the woman reminded us.

After the trunk had been slammed shut behind us, the driver opened the door beside me, pulled up the second jump seat, and stood back to let the last passenger get in. But before the short, fat man got in, he examined the driver's face carefully. "And I could get a cab right away?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, you could get a cab right away," said the driver, his tone suggesting that he had already answered the same question many times.

The man who had delayed our departure peered into the dark limousine suspiciously before taking his place on the jump seat in front of me. Only the stutterer met the newcomer's eyes, and then he looked expectantly at his companion. But the man with the deep voice was staring straight through the windshield in front of him. Nobody said a word.

The driver got in and we started on our way, with one loose chain clanking tiresomely against a fender above the soft sound the tires made pressing down against the dry snow. The short, fat man sat sideways in his seat, his face almost pressed against the glass. At first I thought that he was merely watching the view, trying to get a glimpse through the windows of houses where for some reason there happened to be people still up at that late hour. But each time the limousine passed under a street lamp, as it did with rhythmic regularity, I could see that he was weeping, biting his large lower lip cruelly in an effort to control his trembling, contorted features.

Science Marches Backward

ROBERT BENDINER

IF YOU'RE one of those nervous souls who wonder whether science hasn't got a little too big for its breeches, you will be pleased to know that scientists are beginning to wonder about the same thing.

At a recent session of the Institute of Traffic Engineers, the men who plan the motorized, or major, part of our lives were plainly worried—and with good cause. For years, they said, they had been busy ridding our great throughways of sharp curves, intersections, traffic signals, and pedestrian crossings. And now that they have just about perfected the dream highway, what do we cussed humans use it for? To dream. With all the natural hazards removed and mile after mile of beautiful road stretched before him, a man can, and often does, have his toe on the gas and his head in the clouds. And if he suddenly hears a horn close to his ear, as likely as not it's Gabriel's.

So, said the traffic engineers, there's only one thing to do—start moving backward. And they fell to work devising nuisances and discomforts to substitute for those they had so painstakingly removed. Anything, they said, to "jostle the motorist out of his reveries."

One suggested serrated concrete patterns to keep the driver awake with non-rhythmic sounds. Another suggested special-band radio broadcasts, presumably with New Year's Eve sound effects. But it was left for Charles J. Murphy, director of traffic engineering for the Automobile Club of New York, to say what probably was on everyone's mind. "We must begin," said Mr. Murphy in what surely marks a turning point in our civilization, "to think in terms of antiquing" our great express arteries.

IF IT IS to our welfare to have synthetic bumps, ruts, and twists in our roads, how about a little antiquing elsewhere? We might start out with the cars themselves—just a little unstreamlining here and there for safety's sake. One manufacturer might bring out a model with the "new conventional gearshift that keeps motorists busy." A competitor would follow up with more radical innovations, like the springless chassis and buckboard seat. And eventually we could work down, or up, to the de luxe two-cylinder four-horsepower job, complete with blowout tires and hand crank.

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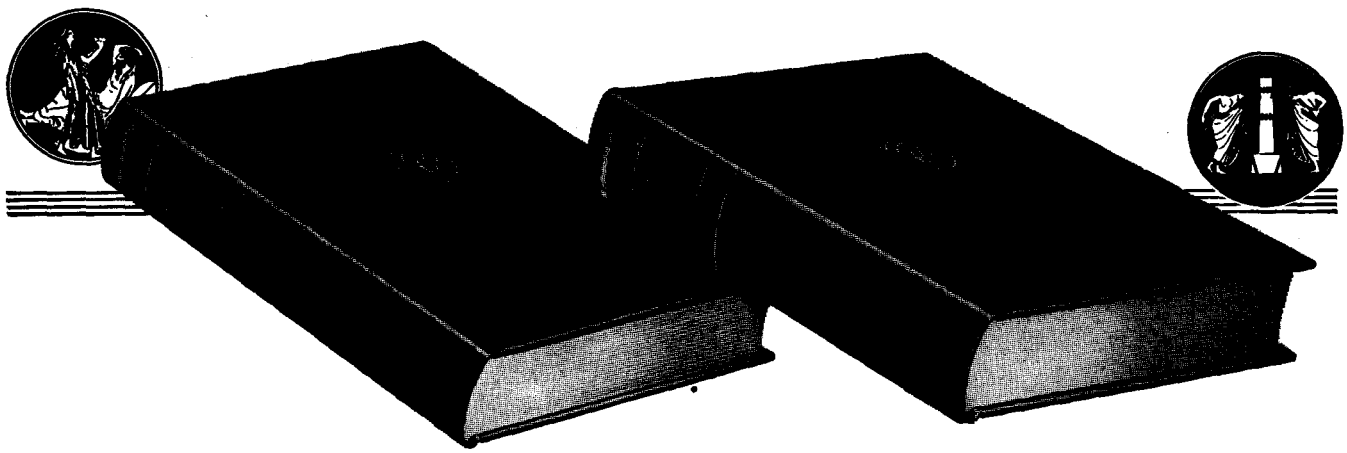

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